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ANTI-SLAVERY TRACTS. No. 14. New Series.

A

FRESH CATALOGUE

OF

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SOUTHERN OUTRAGES

UPON

NORTHERN CITIZENS.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

1860.

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PREFACE.

Of the new series of Tracts, in process of publication by the American Anti-Slavery Society, the FOURTH NUMBER, (issued only a few months ago,) comprising no less than 144 pages, was wholly occupied with a list of lawless and barbarous outrages committed at the South, within a short period, upon the rights and persons of Northern citizens visiting that part of the Union, guiltless of any wrong, on the malicious pretence that they were either secretly or openly opposed to slavery, and therefore unsafe to be tolerated on Southern soil! To this long catalogue of deeds worthy of fiends, we now add the following fresh atrocities; and these are sure to be multiplied, almost to any extent, in the future. At the present time, in no part of the world are human life and liberty so insecure as in the Southern States. All freedom of speech is denied — the rights of conscience are not recognized — worse than savage barbarism prevails in every quarter — and the entire population seem to be on the verge of lunacy, if not thoroughly demonized. Nor is it Abolitionists alone who are thus given over to the horrible process of lynch law: indeed, of the multitudinous victims from the North who have been imprisoned, scourged, trampled under foot, tarred and feathered, hanged, or driven out by murderous violence, it is not known that more than one or two ever pretended to be Abolitionists, or regarded the Anti-Slavery movement with favor. On the contrary, it is known that some of them have always been pro-slavery in spirit and purpose, and others wholly indifferent to the cries of the perishing bondmen at the South. Hence, the real truth is, that scores of innocent men, — innocent even in the Southern meaning of the term, — have been subjected to the most humiliating and savage treatment, without legal arraignment or trial, and without the slightest proof of criminality. No Northern man, suspected of entertaining the sentiments avowed by Washington, Jefferson, Wythe, Pinkney, and Patrick Henry, in regard to the wrongfulness of slavery, is safe for one moment beyond the Potomac. If he be from Massachusetts, his peril is greatly increased. In vain does he assert his innocency — in vain does he demand to be tried as an American citizen — in vain does he seek protection under his country's flag — in vain does he claim his rights under the National Constitution — he is beaten, hunted, outlawed, in the most ferocious manner, as though he were a wild beast, or a felon of the deepest dye!

It is astonishing with what comparative indifference these daily multiplying atrocities are regarded by the people of the North — thus inviting to fresh outrages continually! A vast majority of the newspapers merely record them as items of intelligence, without comment, as though they were of no particular significance; and their readers are apparently as little affected by the perusal as though they related to the treatment of iron and granite! Is the manhood of the North clean gone for ever? Has it lost all self-respect, all reverence for justice, all appreciation of constitutional liberty? What is its connection with the South but one of criminal complicity, of cowardly submission, of selfish subserviency, of degrading vassalage? What additional insults and outrages *will* arouse it to assert its rights, and to demand justice at any cost?

To the South may be fitly applied the language of the prophet: — "Howl ye; for the day of the Lord is at hand; it shall come as a destruction from the Almighty. Therefore shall all hands be faint, and every man's heart shall melt; and they shall be afraid; pangs and sorrows shall take hold of them; they shall be in pain as a woman that travaileth: they shall be amazed one at another; their faces shall be as flames. Behold, the day of the Lord cometh, cruel both with wrath and fierce anger, to lay the land desolate: and he shall destroy the sinners thereof out of it. For the stars of heaven and the constellations thereof shall not give their light: the sun shall be darkened in his going forth, and the moon shall not cause her light to shine. And I will punish the world for their evil, and the wicked for their iniquity; and I will cause the arrogancy of the proud to cease, and will lay low the haughtiness of the terrible. I will make a man more precious than fine gold; even a man than the golden wedge of Ophir. Every one that is found shall be thrust through; and every one that is joined unto them shall fall by the sword. Their children also shall be dashed to pieces before their eyes; their houses shall be spoiled, and their wives ravished."

Such is the terrible retribution for which the bloody oppressors of the South are preparing themselves, by every device of cruelty, by every devilish deed, which they are capable of conceiving or executing. Their hands are full of blood, their feet run to evil, and their consciences are seared as with a hot iron. In proportion to their tyranny must be their punishment; for "God is just, and his justice will not sleep for ever."

> "The end will come — it will not wait —
> Bonds, yokes and scourges have their date;
> Slavery itself must pass away,
> And be a tale of yesterday."

SOUTHERN OUTRAGES.

AN EDITOR MOBBED FOR GOING FOR LINCOLN AND HAMLIN.

KING'S HOTEL, July 8th, 1860.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MISSOURI DEMOCRAT:

GENTLEMEN,—I arrived here last night from Lexington, Mo., where I was publishing the *Citizen's Public Advertiser*, and whence I was driven, on Friday afternoon, by a mob of infuriated individuals, for the following cause.

On Friday morning, I inserted the names of the Republican candidates for President and Vice President, and underneath remarked, as well as I can remember, these words: "We hoist the names of our candidates for President and Vice President this morning, and will give our reasons for this step to-morrow."

In about one hour after the edition of the paper was printed, and immediately after the city circulation had been distributed, E. Winser, Insurance Agent, sent his little boy to my office with a copy of the paper, and directions not to send any more papers to his office; and shortly after, Mr. Winser himself appeared, and brought with him a notice that my policy of insurance on my office, in the Ætna Company, would be cancelled that day (Friday) at noon. I said to him, "I am sorry to have given you cause of offence, Mr. Winser, but will explain to-morrow the reason of the course I took this morning." He replied, "There will never be another paper issued out of your office," and departed. Shortly after, about fifteen of the strongest and most violent

pro-slavery men in Lafayette county made their appearance in my office, with this same Winser and an employé of William Limrick, of the name of Shields, heading them, and Winser and Shields (for they both spoke at once) acting as spokesmen. They denounced me as publishing a paper that injured and endangered their slave property, and declared their determination that the paper should never appear again in Lexington, either as neutral or Republican; that I should send away my office before night, or they would throw it in the river, and that I would have to leave the city, under the penalty of personal violence. They then seized the edition of my paper, just ready for mailing, declaring that such a paper should never be sent from Lexington. This man Winser is a member of the M. E. Church South, a Free Mason, and any man would have taken him to be an order-loving, law-abiding citizen; and yet he was foremost in inciting the mob, and thus endangering the property which, as agent for the Ætna, he had insured, and after having done so, cancelled the policy! Shields was half drunk, and so was another one of the crowd.

I closed my office, and went down among the crowd that was assembled in front of it on the sidewalk, when some of them wanted I should tell them there what I would have published on Saturday morning, and elevated me in their midst for that purpose; and I was about to proceed, when they fell to quarreling among themselves, and the most violent of them succeeded in preventing me from explaining my views and sentiments. I then asked them if they were going to permit the Republicans of Lafayette County to vote their ticket in November. Several voices in the crowd: "We will die before those names go on the poll-books."

I do not know what was done with my office. I incline to the opinion that they destroyed it, because most of them are drinking men, and when they would raise their courage, resort to the bottle; and most of them possessed some notoriety gained in one way or another by their brave forays in Kansas during the troubles in the territory. A great, double-fisted fellow, by the name of Brooks, was very anxious that I should give them credit for not injuring me personally.

Such is the manner in which free speech is treated in Lafayette County. They dare not let truth be spoken in soberness.

There were some noble exceptions to the ruffians who acted such a disgraceful part on Friday, and my heart warms to them for sympathy expressed in such decided terms.

I have been in Lexington over three years, and had been publishing a neutral paper up to Friday morning last.

S. HARBAUGH.

SLAVEHOLDING BARBARITY.

AN ILLINOISIAN WHIPPED TO DEATH — A GERMAN'S EXPERIENCE IN TEXAS.

[Correspondence of the Chicago Press and Tribune.]

LE ROY, McLean County, Ill., Sept. 18, 1860.

I am induced by a friend to send you the following account of my recent experience in the Democratic State of Texas. I am a German, and emigrated to this country nearly fourteen years ago. I was naturalized in Texas in 1856. Something over two years ago, I settled at Henderson, Rusk County, Texas, and established myself in the merchant tailoring business. During my residence there, I always behaved myself as a good citizen, and was diligent and attentive to my business. Feeling it to be my interest to keep on good terms with the people, I was particularly careful not to say any thing to any one against slavery. I never uttered one solitary word to any human being while there against the prevailing opinion. I was frequently talked to about slavery, and when pushed about the matter, as I often was, I always evaded the subject in the best way I could.

The first intimation which I ever received that I was in any way obnoxious to the people originated in this way. A young man from Illinois, by the name of Evans, came to Henderson, and while there was incautious enough to say that he thought free States were preferable to slave States, and that he thought slavery was wrong. These statements, so far as I heard them, he made in the mildest manner, and that only when pressed into the subject by the young men about

town. I am satisfied that he never said or thought of saying any thing, except when conversation on the subject was forced upon him. I had but a slight acquaintance with the young man, but I told him that he ought not to allow himself to be dragged into talking on the subject. But he was not careful. In December last, this young man was taken out by a mob, *without any trial of any kind, and whipped to death!* The Henderson *New Era*, a paper published in Henderson, justified the infamous murder, on the ground that Evans was a common thief, an Abolitionist, &c. I was shown the whip which I was informed had been the instrument of his death. It was covered with blood. I also saw what I was informed was the dead body of Evans, about three-quarters of a mile from town. It was so decayed and swollen that I did not recognize it. *The hogs and buzzards were eating it. It had never been buried!* This was the first occasion upon which I was even incautious. I had no tie binding me to Evans more than to any other human being whom I might casually meet, but I felt so indignant that I boldly and recklessly denounced mob law, and at the same time said that Evans had been a fool for not keeping his mouth closed on the subject of slavery.

I soon learned that I had offended the secret demon of mob law. I might well have known it. Seeing that they would soon be upon me, I armed myself for a desperate resistance. On the morning of the 9th of January, between one and two o'clock, the mob came to murder me. They sent six men to my shop to take me out, but finding me wide awake and fully armed, they skulked away. In the morning, when I went out of my door, I found a rope which, in their flight, the cowards had dropped, with which, I suppose, I was to have been tied. During the day, I denounced the dastardly attempt in vehement language publicly on the street, and defied them to prove that I had ever uttered opinions unfriendly to slavery. A committee of five was appointed, before which I appeared, armed with a dagger, and fortified with the purpose to sell my life dearly, if they should attempt any violence. On the trial, they proved nothing at all. The following are copies of the committee's "two reports":—

"In the case of F. Amthor, referred to the undersigned committee, under charge of uttering abolition sentiments, we report that the evidence

submitted to us is not sufficient to authorize us in regarding him as dangerous to our interest as a slaveholding community.

J. M. Dobson, A. J. Smith,
Erasmus Redwine, B. T. McDonough.

January 9th, 1860."

"I, Thomas M. Yates, one of the committee chosen by F. Amthor, *desent* with the majority, and ask for the said Amthor to leave within three days, *agreeable* to his own offer.

Thomas M. Yates."

I had hoped that after the report was made, I should be let alone. The men who made this first report were among the first men of the community, and would doubtless have been glad to have seen me protected. But they were powerless. You may judge of Mr. Yates by the fact that, when in Kentucky, he was foreman of the jury that acquitted Matt. Ward for killing young Butler in Louisville. After the trial, I had intimations that I could rely on, that, although acquitted by the committee, the mob was not done with me. My life being no longer safe, I gave it to be understood that I would leave and go to Cuba. I am satisfied, that if I had given it out that I would go North, I never should have got away at all.

In order that your readers may have a true insight into my condition, I will give one more scene, which was to me one full of anxious and thrilling interest. On the night of the 15th of January, 1860, a company of scoundrels, the leading men of which were from Marshall, Texas, held a conference in Henderson, in an old house which had been a law office, at which also a good many planters, living near Henderson, were present. The meeting was held at midnight. Getting wind of the matter, and being satisfied that they had met to consider my case, I determined, if possible, to learn their purpose. I went to the building, crawled under it, and overheard every thing. I will not take up space in your columns by retailing all the infamous plans which only cowards could meditate. They paid me some very pretty compliments. They said I was an intelligent, bold, reckless man, and might kill some good citizen, and for this reason I should leave. Not one of them said I had uttered abolition sentiments.

Then came up the question about my leaving, and I then learned the good policy of giving it abroad that I should go

to Cuba. Some of them said that I ought never to be permitted to leave the country, for I would go North, and do just what I am now doing; that is, publish their villany to the world. *Then came a cool, deliberate proposition to assassinate me.* To carry out this design, it was proposed to raise $1,500, to which one of them, a man worth $60,000, proposed to add $1,000, making in all $2,500. On the night of the 16th, I discovered at my door the man, Murphy, who was the chosen murderer, armed with a Sharp's rifle. This wa after midnight, between two and three o'clock. Supposing he intended to shoot me through the window, I got out of bed, and with a loaded pistol in my teeth, crawled on my hands and feet to the window, with a determination to meet the scoundrel, but he discovered me and fled. On the 18th of January, I left in as private a way as I could. By being driven off in this cowardly manner, I have sustained heavy losses.

This is a plain, unvarnished relation of deeds, the infamy of which needs no comment.

A Deputy Marshal of the United States resided in Henderson. I applied to him for protection, and he told me he could do nothing. This is the protection afforded in a free country to an injured citizen by a Democratic Administration.

FREDERICK AMTHOR.

OUTRAGE ON A MASSACHUSETTS MAN.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune:

Sir,—At the urgent solicitation of many friends, and with the desire that the citizens of the North may be informed of what reception they are likely to meet at the South, should duty call them thither, I have concluded to publish a more explicit account of my recent experience of mob law in Northern Alabama than the press has yet made known.

Some months since, an esteemed friend, and well-known teacher, W. R. Ellis, Esq., of Kingston, Mass., received a

letter from an old acquaintance, Mr. J. J. Giers, of Valhermoso, Morgan Co., Ala., offering him the position of principal in an academy at Somerville, in his neighborhood. This offer Mr. Ellis thought fit to decline, but recommended me in his stead. September 4, I received a communication from Mr. Giers, requesting me, if I desired the situation in question, to visit the South at once. As I had been suffering for some time from pulmonary disease, my friends thought that a warmer climate than ours might prove beneficial to my health, and advised me to accept the offer. I started from Boston, Sept. 3, for Northern Alabama, via Charleston, S. C. Among the few passengers upon the steamer South Carolina, there was *one Boston merchant*. I made the acquaintance of several teachers who had taught in the South, and alluded in conversation with them to my prospective situation at Somerville, but cautiously avoided any reference to the subject of slavery. On arriving at Charleston, I took the cars, and, after a tedious ride through South Carolina and Georgia, reached Valhermoso Sept. 15, and was received by Mr. Giers and his excellent family in the most hospitable manner. Mr. Giers, who is himself a slaveholder, recommended me to the Trustees of the Somerville Academy as a suitable person for Principal, and in a few weeks, I was duly notified of my appointment. I entered upon my duties Thursday, Oct. 4. Friday morning, I was summoned before Judge William H. Campbell, on the charge of being an abolition emissary, who had come to incite the slaves to murder and rapine, upon the evidence of the following letter:

CHARLESTON, S. C., Sept. 13, 1860.

To COL. RATHER, Decatur, near Somerville, Ala.:

DEAR SIR, — Although personally unacquainted with you, we take leave, on a question of grave public import, to communicate certain facts, which, in your discretion, you may use as you think advisable. In the present state of the political world, we hold that Southern men should fee their interests to be identical — as they are — and feel bound to do all tha fraternal regard dictates for their mutual welfare and protection.

Yesterday, in conversation with a gentleman who had just arrived in our city by the steamship South Carolina, from Boston, we accidentally procured the following information: —

Our informant, *avowedly* "a Northern man with Southern principles," related that on the voyage from Boston to Charleston, he had an "amusing fellow-passenger, a live Yankee," &c. In describing the peculiarities and idiosyncracies of this "fellow-passenger," our informant lightly touched

on the slavery question. We naturally asked if he — the fellow-passenger — was an Abolitionist. The answer was immediately given in these words: "*Of the worst sort; a regular Garrison, Wendell Phillips man.*" Also, that "he disgusted every one on board; and if he had not been very sick on the passage, would have been whipped before he reached Charleston." On inquiring where he was staying in Charleston — for we had heard enough to convince us, and really thought that the sea voyage back to Boston would improve his health — we were informed that he had taken the train, and was *en route* for your town; that he is by profession a school-teacher, and was going to Somerville to take charge of your village school, under contract. We inquired his name. Our informant here asked why we wanted to know so much about the man. We stated that we intended to write to some discreet and respectable citizen of Somerville, and through him warn the community of this Wendell Phillips rascal. Our informant, for private reasons — connected with his Boston home, we supposed — begged not to be pressed any further on the subject. Knowing that if you were warned of this schoolmaster, and had a list of the passengers of the South Carolina — which list we enclose — you would have no difficulty in identifying the individual, we allowed our informant, the "Northern man with Southern principles," to be silent on this point.

Any comment on this subject from us would be impertinent and in bad taste. We write jointly, because both joined in the conversation, and were similarly affected by it.

It remains only for us to say, that we hold ourselves responsible for any and every thing herein contained. Should our apprehensions prove groundless, or should we have been the means of warding off danger from your midst, we, in either event, shall be gratified.

Very respectfully,

CHARLES INGLEBY,
WM. S. McCOY.

When the Judge finished reading the letter, there arose from the crowd a general yell of execration, with cries of "Hang him!" "Shoot him!"

As soon as I could make my voice audible, I demanded my right as an American citizen to be heard in self-defence, and offered, if opportunity were given me, to vindicate myself from an accusation so utterly false. The Honorable Judge replied in the following language: "You are a G—d d—d black-hearted Abolitionist. You came from Boston, and that is proof enough against you! You need n't try to vindicate yourself, for you can't do it."

I requested him to send for Mr. Giers, and inquire for what purpose I came South, and ask the various negroes, with whom I had ridden hours about the country, if I had spoken to them of freedom, or tampered with them in any way.

The Judge answered: "I know you have done nothing

amiss as yet. You are more sly than your fellows in Texas. You want to insinuate yourself into the confidence of our unsuspecting people, by pretending to be a teacher, and then by and by give our negroes strychnine to put into the water of the village."

When the Judge had ended, a young lawyer named Patterson mounted a sugar-box, and spoke substantially as follows:—"Fellow-citizens, have you not heard of the horrible outrages in Texas, caused by the d—d Abolitionist teachers? Have you not heard of the plots in Telledga County, to poison the springs and murder our fellow-citizens, all caused by the d—d Yankees? And now, fellow-citizens, into our quiet village comes another of this d—d black-hearted crew to incite our niggers to deeds of violence. The enemy is in our midst—what shall we do with him?" (Cries of "Kill him!" "Hang him!" "Put him through!") "Yes, we will put him through." Then, turning to me, he said, "Go back to them who sent you here, and tell them we wish no Bostonians among us. Fellow-citizens, all who are in favor of this man's leaving this town in two hours will say Aye." There was no vote in the negative. I observed, however, that quite a number abstained from voting. Though they may have thought that I was unjustly treated, no one dared to lisp a word in my defence.

After listening to other abusive and threatening language from the Honorable Judge and the bystanders, and convinced of the utter folly of attempting to reason with an infuriated mob, I consented to leave town.

Much of the two hours given me were spent in vain endeavors to procure a conveyance for myself and trunk to Valhermoso. Returning to the village from my fruitless search, I was met by a mob, headed by lawyer Patterson, who commanded me to open my trunk. Refusing to do so, unless by legal authority, it was broken open. Its contents were thoroughly examined, and the sides of the trunk sounded for concealed drawers. My books were ransacked to find something of an incendiary character. The newspapers which I had wrapped about my shoes were carefully scrutinized. One of these was a copy of the Boston *Herald*, which was taken to be a Black Republican sheet, and when discovered to be a Douglas organ, was pronounced by the bystanders

"a d—d sight worse than a Black Republican paper." There was also a copy of the Boston *Traveller*, with one of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons, which, however, contained no allusion to slavery. The name of Beecher added to the excitement; but the climax was reached when they found among my letters, one written by the Hon. Charles Sumner, in 1854. For a few moments, I thought my time had come.

Taking what papers they thought suspicious, the mob left, cursing me with the foulest oaths that ever disgraced human lips.

On collecting my scattered property, I discovered that several articles of clothing were missing. What there was of an incendiary character about my shirts, I cannot imagine. I trust they may have been the means of bringing clean linen into fashion in a region where, according to my observation, it is seldom seen.

I finally bargained with a person to convey my trunk to Valhermoso on the following morning, and immediately set out for that place on foot. Exhausted in body and sick at heart, I dragged my weary limbs, under a burning mid-day sun, over the rugged mountain road. I had gone about three miles, when I heard a hallooing behind me, and presently, three men on horseback rode up at full speed, ordered me to stop, and dismounting, approached me. One of them, who held in his hand a long leather thong or lasso, with a slip-noose at the end, said, "We are come to hang you; so now prepare yourself." I replied, "I am ready," and, folding my arms, awaited the result. After the outrage and indignity I had already suffered, worn out by anxiety and bodily fatigue, I felt in the same passive state which a man sometimes feels on the deck of a sinking ship, when the last hope of escape has died out in his breast. The ruffians were apparently about to put their threats into execution, when the eldest, a man of fifty, cried out, "Hold on, boys, let 's talk with him a spell first." Accosting me with the numberless oaths with which the Alabamians seem wont to garnish their elegant speech, but which I do not care to repeat, he asked, "What sent you down South to murder us all?" I told him I came by invitation of a slaveholder, and if they would go with me, I would prove my innocence of any design against their slaves. This was received with jeers.

Finally they said, "If you will confess the truth, that you came to stir up the slaves, and tell us who sent you, we will let you go scot-free; if not, we will kill you." I told them they could kill me if they pleased, but I should not perjure myself. As I remained calm, and evinced no fears of death, the villains supposed that I was armed, and commanded me to give up my pistols. When I told them I had no weapons of defence, they seized me and threw me into a pond of water by the roadside. The pond was one of those so common in the South—a mere bog-hole, abounding in venomous reptiles. I sank knee-deep in the mud at the bottom. The chief ruffian cut a large pole, with which he threatened to split my skull unless I attempted to walk across, well knowing that I could not extricate myself in the deep water. I refused to move, however, and at length my valiant assailants turned to leave me, calling out to me to go home and tell my Northern friends that they would hang any one who went down there. The ruffians were Charles England, his eldest son, and Thomas H. Morrow, son of the postmaster at Somerville.

After a time I succeeded, God only knows how, in reaching the house of Mr. Giers. He was himself absent, but the Christian kindness manifested toward me by his family, at a moment when I so much needed it, will never be forgotten by me. As my assailants had threatened to burn down Mr. Gier's house if he sheltered me, word was sent to several planters in the neighborhood, who came armed with guns. I slept that night for the first time with a loaded revolver under my pillow, which weapon was given me by a noble-hearted youth, himself the son of an extensive slave-owner, with the advice to shoot the first man who should offer to molest me. Several planters expressed their regret that I should leave Alabama with so unfavorable an impression of their State, but could not advise me, under the circumstances, to remain. I left at once, and arrived at Boston Friday, Oct. 12, about the time that the distinguished Alabamian orator, Mr. Yancey, was instructing the Bostonians as to their political duties, and depicting in glowing colors the beauties of that "peculiar institution," the debasing and brutalizing effect of which I had just been compelled so painfully to experience in the orator's own State.

Such is my story. All of the statements herein made I hold myself in readiness to substantiate. In all essential particulars, my tale is confirmed by an article copied into the *Charleston Courier* from the *Somerville Democrat*, which gives a detailed account of the occurrence. To this article, I beg leave to refer those who may be disposed to question the truth of my narrative.

WILLIAM J. BREWSTER.

Boston, Oct. 17, 1860.

EXPULSION FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

To the Editor of the Boston Journal:

I noticed in your paper of last evening an article on my return home from South Carolina. The impression left by it was mainly correct. One or two inaccuracies I might notice. I should prefer, however, if one case out of many is sufficiently interesting to your readers, to give them a more detailed account of the treatment I received.

I arrived at Blackville, ninety miles from Charleston, at 8 o'clock on Monday evening, Nov. 5. Stepping upon the platform, I was almost immediately surrounded by a group of young men. Finding that they were a Vigilance Committee, I answered their questions, until they asked, "What are your political opinions? Are you in favor of Mr. Lincoln's election?" My answer was, "I beg your pardon, gentlemen; I have nothing to say to you on political matters." They asked me to stop, examined my trunk and a chest containing my library, until late Monday night, and for an hour or two Tuesday morning. The examination was conducted with politeness and delicacy. They found little against me—nothing, as they told me—which materially changed their impression. However, I was a Northern man—that was sufficient. The chief of the Vigilance Committee told me privately that such was the feeling, that were it not for several circumstances, "I should not have been let go with a whole skin." However, they would send me home safe, pay my passage, and keep my books until the money was refunded.

This feeling, so strong then, gradually changed. A feeling sprung up and gained ground that I should be sent on to my employer. The meeting broke up without being able to agree. I was informed of this by one of the members, who advised me to proceed. I told him "No; I'm not going to run away. I was stopped officially, and I must have official notice that I may leave. This I presently received." Thus the storm, I thought, had passed away.

At Barnwell, ten miles distant, I enjoyed the hospitality of the Baptist minister. In the afternoon, my employer (from a neighboring town) called. While conversing with him, I was unexpectedly called upon by gentlemen who wished my attendance in the village. We proceeded to the Court House. I shall not be likely to forget that occasion; many circumstances invested it with interest. It was Barnwell Court House, from which, years ago, under memorable circumstances, they sent away the venerable Judge Hoar. It was an assembly composed of the most respectable men of the place. There were the educated men, one minister (at least), and the physicians of the town. There were the principal slaveholders, and a large planter of 5000 acres sat in the chair. The proceedings were parliamentary and courteous throughout. I stood at the table—(a little Massachusetts man, the shortest, I believe, in my class at Harvard)—and interrogatories were put me one by one. What were my sentiments on slavery, its extension, Mr. Lincoln's election, the higher law, irrepressible conflict, &c. &c. I answered them fairly. When I could reply with effect, I did so; when I could not, I declined to answer. Speeches were made—for and against. All expressed their admiration at the able and honest manner in which I had borne myself throughout. Many who did so, said that convictions of duty compelled them to vote against my stay. The vote stood 22 to 9. The Vigilance Committee generously raised the money on the spot to pay my expenses home.

Thus far, I had met only courtesy and considerate treatment. After a day spent under the roof of Rev. Mr. Perry—himself a slaveholder—I returned to Blackville. On the train, I was insulted by a *fellow*, who dragged me into the negro car, (there was no one to say nay,) and persisted in sitting by my side, threatened me with whipping,

paddling and hanging, and who, on my refusal to answer his questions, drew his knife to cut off my ear. A pretended friend offered me a pistol, telling me I should need it before I reached Charleston. Of course, I declined it. At Bambergs, where they had hanged a man shortly before, "the fellow" went out and called the Vigilance Committee, several of whom entered and seized me, and endeavored by main strength to force me from the car to hang me. I had good hold, and they couldn't move me, but they tore my coat badly in the struggle. The cars, moreover, were starting; they tried in vain to get them stopped, and were forced to desist. The conductor quietly extended all the protection, as I think, which he thought safe for him to do. Arriving at Charleston, he procured me an officer, who conducted me to the guard-house. It was not safe, the Chief of Police told me, to go abroad until the boat was about to start. They congratulated me on my narrow escape. Next day, the officer attended me to the boat.

Here ends the story. It is only just to say, that in addition to the election and secession excitement, the people have been exasperated by several cases of well-poisoning and slave arming. But extreme Abolitionists are not the only Northern men who have fanned the excitement. The editors of those journals North who have misrepresented the designs of the Republican party have done quite as much, I think, to produce the result. What mischief makers! Even the *personelle* of the Republican candidates has been misrepresented. Why, in South Carolina they really believe that Senator Hamlin, Vice President elect, is a mulatto man!

If I have not already left the impression, I wish to state, that I have the best reasons for saying that my return is owing to no imprudence on my part. I could not change any act done or recall any sentence uttered before the two Vigilance Committees. I say this for two reasons—first, in justice to myself; second, to show that no Northern man with Northern principles, however prudent and well-intentioned, is wanted in South Carolina to-day; I was told that distinctly many times.

Yours, very truly,

WM. C. WOOD.

West Roxbury, Nov. 15, 1860.

EXCITEMENT IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

At Clio, S. C., October 10th, two men, named Hitchings, were arrested under circumstances that led to the belief that they were abolition incendiaries, and a Vigilant Committee was organized to investigate the matter. Early the next day, a large crowd assembled at Bennettsville, anxiously anticipating the result. Between ten and eleven o'clock, the Committee from Clio, with the suspected parties, arrived in the Court House Square. The Court was in session. The crowd eagerly pressed around to hear the report, which was to the effect that ample proof had been elicted to convict the accused. Upon this announcement, the wildest enthusiasm ensued. The cry arose, "Hang them!—hang them to the nearest tree!" But moderate councils finally prevailed, and a further and fuller examination was determined upon. Among the papers and correspondence of the prisoners were found invoices of double and single-barrel guns, pistols, revolvers, bowie-knives, balls, cartridges, caps, powder, shot, &c., to the amount of a little over $1200, bought by Hitchings from J. Merrin, agent of the Hartford Fire Arms Manufacturing Company, in New York, on the 20th of July last. Every item was priced, the sums extended, and the column added up; but there was no receipt at the bottom, or indications whether the articles were paid for by note or cash. There were also among the papers, letters of introduction and recommendation to railroad companies, setting forth that Hitchings was an experienced railroad contractor—that he had had various extensive contracts, all of which he had faithfully and satisfactorily performed. These letters purported to be signed by Railroad Presidents in New York and elsewhere. One was signed by a Mr. Hunt, of New York, as President of some Railroad Company.

The two Hitchings are father and son—the former between fifty and sixty years of age—the latter, perhaps, about twenty. The elder Hitchings is an Englishman, was naturalized in 1838, and has lived mostly in the State of New York. He came to Pekin, Montgomery county, N. C., about 1856, where he has resided since. He was there at and before the date of some of the above letters; and it is known

that when he first came, and ever since, he has lived in great poverty. His conduct was so bad at Pekin, as a negro-trader, that he was severely whipped by the citizens of that place some eighteen months or two years ago. After that, he left his family at that place, and put up a small wagon-maker's shop at Floral College; and at the time of his arrest, was about putting up another little shop of the same kind, at Clio, in Marlboro' District. It is well known, both at Pekin and Floral College, that he had no ostensible means to pay for any part of these invoices.

The only explanation Hitchings offers is, that he has a son whose occupation is to escort emigrants from St. Louis, or some other point in Missouri, across the Plains to Santa Fé, New Mexico, &c., and that the arms and ammunition were intended for him.

The old man assumes to be as deaf and stoical as old John Brown, but his son shows much concern, and appears to be in great trepidation.

Clio is near the spot marked in Marlboro' district on old John Brown's maps. This is a significant fact.

The trial of the Hitchings came off on the 19th October, at Bennettsville, and before a Committee of seventy persons, selected from the several beat companies in the District. They were acquitted by a vote of eleven for hanging, and fifty against it. In addition to the fact of their having acknowledged the purchase of the arms, and the arrival of part of them at this place, and the further fact that the elder Hitchings had been corresponding with Wm. H. Seward and Horace Greeley, two gentlemen from Pekin appeared as witnesses, one of whom, Dr. Hadley, offered to testify that he had heard the elder Hitchings declare his intention to array the North against the South, so far as was in his power, on the question of slavery.

The Committee, however, in view of the fact that the evidence against the accused was solely circumstantial, decided that the death penalty, in this case, should not be inflicted. They determined, nevertheless, that the two Hitchings should leave the State, and appointed a sub-committee of six, who forthwith performed the duty of conducting them to the North Carolina line, notwithstanding Dr. Hadley's application to one or more magistrates for a warrant for their arrest,

which was not granted. Where they will go next, and what further attempts they may make to aid in the bloody work of assisting the minions of Lincoln to crush the South into obedience to his hellish programme, time alone can disclose. It is to be hoped, however, that the citizens of South Carolina will take proper care of them. If they should ever dare to come over this side of the river to recover their arms, their hardihood will be repaid by a speedy application of the halter. The arms are still held here as trophies of Black Republican discomfiture. They will, of course, be confiscated, and applied to the service of the State. — *Correspondence of the Charleston Mercury.*

A Citizen of Maine Whipped in South Carolina. — The Charleston *Mercury* of the 18th Sept. has the following, under the head, "Served Him Right": —

"A man named Wm. S. McClure, hailing from the State of Maine, was on Saturday last, by order of the Vigilance Committee, whipped by a negro, at Grahamville, for tampering with slaves in that vicinity. McClure was then placed on the cars of the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, and arrived in the city yesterday, and was given into the charge of the Mayor, who will ship him by the first conveyance to the North."

The *Wilkesbarre* (*Pa.*) *Record* has the following account of the tarring and feathering of an Ohio man on a steamboat at Natchez: —

"Mr. David Levi has just returned from Arizona. Coming up the Mississippi, as the boat stopped at Natchez, a vote was taken for Presidential preferences among the passengers. One very respectable looking merchant from Ohio voted for Lincoln, with the remark that it was useless for him to attempt to disguise his sentiments. The other passengers immediately stripped him, covered him with tar and feathers, and set him afloat in a canoe."

EXPULSION OF A HAYTIEN COMMISSIONER.

A few weeks since, a Commissioner from the Governor of Hayti visited one of our Southern ports for the purpose of inviting emigrants to that island. He was not received with the distinction usually accorded to foreign embassies. The Southerners sent him to the right about with more haste than dignity. The *Mobile Advertiser* thus makes fun of his mission: —

"We learn that a full grown and blown Haytien, black as ebony, and bearing extraordinary powers from the august Geffrard of Hayti, made his appearance in Mobile yesterday, and attracted considerable attention. His business here was to promote the emigration of free negroes to Hayti, and he represented that a vessel was in readiness to transport such emigrants thither as might choose to avail themselves of the opportunity. We understand that the agent waited upon His Honor the Mayor, who politely directed him to the Sheriff of Mobile, who informed him that the laws of the State of Alabama did not recognize or look favorably upon the objects of his embassy, and advised him that a speedy departure from within the limits of this Commonwealth would probably best comport with the tenor and spirit of the statutes thereof. The Haytien improved the hint, made his way, under escort of the Chief of Police, to the small-boat, and by the time this reaches the eye of the reader, will probably be in the Crescent City. The press of Louisiana favor the project as a good way of getting rid of the worthless free negroes that formerly infested that State, but were warned off by the severe statutes recently enacted by the Legislature."

The Chicot (Ark.) *Press* of November 1st, furnishes accounts of the hanging of four negroes, (what for is not stated,) the discovery of a runaway negro encampment, and the flogging of an Irishman for telling the negroes with whom he was picking cotton, that they were fools to work for nothing, and "using other insidious language."

MAINE SEAMEN FLAYED.

The following communication appears in the Savannah *News*, where it is headed, "Abolitionists dealt with in Camden County":—

"At a meeting of the citizens of Camden County, held on the 6th inst., (Nov.) at Jeffersonton, a Committee was appointed to examine the brig Julia E. Arey, of Bangor, Me., and collect proof in relation to certain charges made against her master, E. W. Ryder, and her second mate, Joseph E. Ryder, both of South Orrington, Me. The Committee executed that duty, and reported to an adjourned meeting of the citizens on the following day, and the prisoners were brought before them.

"The citizens of Camden County having deliberately resolved to hang the first Abolitionist they could convict, and not being satisfied with the evidence then before them, adjourned their meeting to the 8th inst., that all the evidence could be elicited, and they could calmly and quietly deliberate upon the guilt or innocence of the prisoners. A jury of twelve men, composed of our best citizens, was then empanneled, and the evidence under oath submitted. It appears beyond doubt that a man, said to be a mulatto, has secretly passed through our county, representing to our negroes that Lincoln was to be elected, and that then they were to be prepared for a strike for freedom. It was also proved that the prisoners had held improper and dangerous conversation and intimacy with negroes; but the testimony not being sufficiently conclusive, the jury were compelled to render a verdict not to hang, but to flay the prisoners; to confine them in jail until their brig could be dropped down to the Sound, where a Committee was appointed to see them safely off, with orders never to return, which sentence was duly and promptly executed.

"It was also resolved, that our thanks be returned to Mr. Naylor, of the S. A. and G. Railroad, for his kind notice of certain rumors; that we solicit all such information, although we have every confidence in the perfect subordination of our negroes. It was further resolved, that our Senator and Representatives in the Legislature be requested to urge on that

body the enactment of a law to prohibit our citizens from permitting their slaves to enter any Northern vessel as pilot, stevedore or in any other capacity; to allow us the right of search of all such vessels, and the right of selling into slavery all free negroes who enter our waters—which rights we claim in self-defence, and which we mean to exercise at all hazards.

"It was resolved that these proceedings be published in the Savannah papers.

"DUNCAN L. CLINCH, *Chairman.*

"W. L. BIRD, *Secretary.*"

ARREST OF A FEMALE ABOLITIONIST IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—At Charleston, S. C., in October last, an examination was held by Major Macbeth of one Mrs. Catherine Bottsford, charged by several respectable citizens with uttering and disseminating among the slave population seditious sentiments. During the investigation, she admitted entertaining the abolition sentiments attributed to her, and being an admirer of John Brown. She denied, however, any attempt to circulate her opinions. The evidence and affidavits submitted showed to the contrary, and she was required to give bail in the sum of $300 for her good behavior. Failing in this, she was committed to jail. The accused stated that she had resided in the city about nine months, during which time she had followed the occupation of a seamstress. She also stated that she had hoped to obtain the situation of a teacher. The case will probably undergo investigation at the January term of the Court of General Sessions.

A Northern homœopathic doctor, named Thayer, residing in Augusta, Ga., having been charged with uttering abolition sentiments, was waited upon by a crowd on the afternoon of Nov. 9th, and ordered to leave the city. Upon his refusing, the crowd were about proceeding to violence, when some citizens present managed to get him to the rear of the hotel, where they let him escape. It is presumed that he is safely out of the State.

THE COMMOTIONS IN TEXAS.

LAWRENCE, Kansas, Oct. 14.

The present commotions in Texas are in no way caused by an attempted insurrection among the blacks, nor by any collusion among the Abolitionists and negroes. Neither is it especially a raid against the Methodists in that State, as the papers have generally told us.

I have recently travelled through several of the counties of Southern Kansas, and there learned the most that I know of these matters. I was surprised to find in nearly every neighborhood families who are fugitives from Texas, and have lately arrived in Kansas, where they intend to remain, as the most accessible place that will give them protection. They are generally persons of middle age, who have left property in Texas, and many have left their families there, being obliged to flee for their lives. Those I saw were very intelligent, civil and gentlemanly in their appearance, and would seem the last persons to disturb the quiet of any community.

From these persons, I learned some of the most cruel and heart-rending tales I ever listened to. In some cases, they would equal any of the ruffian barbarities that have made our own history so memorable in the past. But a small proportion of these enormities have yet appeared in print, and in several cases I met with, it was the request of the parties that I should withhold the facts for a few weeks, lest it might be carried to the ears of their oppressors, and thus interfere with purposes they were still hoping to accomplish, relative to the recovery of property or friends. In nearly every case, these fugitives have arrived without money—generally with hardly a team.

It appears that a large district in Texas—a dozen or more counties—is at present under the espionage of the Slave-King, who rules with a rod of iron. The citizens are thoroughly organized into District Committees, and all are expected to join them who believe in the *divinity* of slavery. All who do not swear by their creed are marked, hunted down by the Committee, tried by what is but a mockery of a court of justice, and often sentenced to death. Every species

of false charges are brought against any one they desire to put to death, and no inquisition was ever more absurd or oppressive than some of these proceedings.

In Bourbon County, I met a Mr. S——, who had arrived in the Territory some two weeks before, leaving in Texas his family and over $20,000 worth of property. He had always been an industrious, law-observing citizen; had a large store of goods, kept a hotel, owned 800 acres of valuable land, and 600 cattle. He never took any part in politics, seldom voted, but was a conservative Free State man. He was *no Methodist*, but a Universalist in sentiment. Such a man seemed an alien to the Commonwealth of Texas, and some plan must be devised to prove him an outlaw.

An old law exists in the Texas statutes, forbidding any person from trading with the slaves; but no one regards it in their neighborhood dealings, any more than the people of Indiana do the "Black Law." Nevertheless, here was a hiding-place. So, a negro was sent to the store of Mr. S—— to sell a ham, and he unsuspectingly bought it. His foot was in. He was arrested, tried by the Committee, and condemned to be hung for violating a law of the State, and also for being an *Abolitionist*. He was not hung, but is now in Kansas, without a dollar of his money, and with no prospect of meeting his family again at present, perhaps never.

I also saw the wife of Rev. Thos. M. Willette, of Torren Co., Texas. He was a minister of the Methodist Church North, and had labored in Texas and Arkansas for several years. He was never regarded as a *radical* upon any question, but acknowledged himself to be a moderate Free State man. He had always been at peace with his neighbors, and was every where regarded as an intelligent, inoffensive citizen, until Texas undertook to drive out or hang every *Abolitionist*—as they term all who disbelieve in the divine origin of slavery. Since last February, he and his family have been driven from pillar to post, without a house or home. He was first taken and tried by the Committee and sentenced to be hung, but another Committee learned of the case, came to his rescue, and tried him again and acquitted him, on condition that he would leave the country immediately. He left, and went to Washington County, Arkansas, where he had formerly preached, supposing that he would be safe among

his old congregation. But he soon discovered that the same organizations, the same committees, with the same objects, existed there as in Texas, and that they were in constant communication with each other. He was, therefore, obliged to take refuge again in the mountains with his family, for they were in hot pursuit of him, and his life alone would pay the forfeit if taken. They covertly held communication with the "outer world" awhile, and saw the same steps being taken as in Texas to drive out and hang every one charged with Abolitionism. They there resolved to find refuge in some free Territory, and it was agreed that they would start for Kansas. Mrs. Willette and her brother, George Parsons, started together in the morning, in a lumber wagon, and Mr. Willette was to leave in the evening, as soon as he could travel safely, in company with a young man, and they were to ride ponies. They were to meet at Fort Scott, and those who got there first should wait for the others. She had been in the Territory two weeks when I saw her, and nothing was heard of her husband. She was in the most distressing suspense, and could not speak of him without great agitation. It was her premonition that he was hung, as he had been so often threatened with that fate. He was an old friend of Rev. Mr. Bewley, whose death by hanging for the same offence has been widely published, and they were but eighteen miles apart when ambushed in the mountains of Arkansas. It was rumored that they wanted them both to take back to Texas as an example. One they have had, and I fear for the other.

After leaving Mrs. Willette, I learned from a gentleman who had just been across the line into Missouri of an incident that may or may not have application to the same case. He said that down some seventy-five miles in the State, a man and a boy had recently been seized on suspicion, and urged to confess their business and destination. After being choked several times, the boy at last told them that they were going to Kansas, and that the man had a wife there he was going to meet. "Well," said the Missourians, "that is crime enough anyhow, and we'll take him back for that, if for nothing else"; and he was taken back to Arkansas—it was said, to be hung. They were both on horseback, and I have great fears that we shall know no more of Mr. Willette alive.

Mrs. Willette was determined to never set her foot on slave soil again, she had been so tormented the last three years, and all who get away have the same feelings. She said they had not been permitted to take their religious papers. The *Christian Advocate* had been kept from them for months, and public sentiment forbade their holding the regular prayer-meetings. They could not assemble together as Northern people for any purpose, unless some were among them who believed slavery to be a divine institution. At present, a Northern man does not dare to speak there, and they are fast hanging or driving away all they suspect to be unsound on the great question.

Their hatred is not confined to persons of Northern extraction, or who have recently emigrated to Texas, but it strikes at all classes and all ages. One case was related of a very worthy and industrious gentleman who emigrated to Texas many years ago from Illinois. He had opened a large farm, made valuable improvements, educated a large family of interesting children, had finished his work, died and was buried there on the homestead. His children had risen to fill useful positions in society, and were esteemed by a wide circle of acquaintances as among the most respected citizens of the county. This raid upon Free State men commenced the past year, and they were driven from the country. They have even been banished from the grave of their lamented father for opinion's sake. Indeed, this is the "irrepressible conflict."

Every man and woman I saw protested solemnly against there being a word of truth about the thousand rumors of slave insurrections, burning of houses, fomenting troubles, and the like, by the Abolitionists. In some cases, it was believed they had fired their own buildings, to furnish a pretext for these false charges.

What, then, is the grand secret of this conflict? I asked. I invariably had the same answer from every fugitive I saw. It is, that the time is near when Texas intends to be divided into two or more States, according to the terms of her annexation; that the portion away from the Gulf is largely mixed with people from the free States, who prefer freedom to slavery, and the Slave Power wants all the strength it can get by dividing the State, but dares not risk the Northern por-

tion until it has been purged of all traces of its freedom-loving population. So they prefer to use the sovereign arm of the undivided State, knowing it has the power to wield any force that may be required to defend her idol institution. This power they are using to kidnap, hang, or drive into free territory just that portion of her population that they want to be rid of when the proposed division shall take place. It is not Methodism, but Republicanism, that they war against. They combat every fundamental principle on which the permanency of our government depends. Even free thought is not tolerated—much less free speech. Here, then, at the present hour, is the fullest exhibition of the madness and folly that is slowly but surely bringing us all to the realization of duty. How long can such a conflict be repressible? Go into Southern Kansas, to-day, where these incidents are recited, and ask, How long?—*Correspondence of the N. Y. Times.*

THE STORY OF A CINCINNATI MERCHANT.

CINCINNATI, Friday, Nov. 2, 1860.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CINCINNATI GAZETTE:

An article in your paper of this morning induces me to offer you the essential facts in regard to my recent experience in the South.

I arrived at Rome, Ga., Saturday evening; attended church and Sabbath-School the day following; called on the merchants on Monday, and left, when ready, on the evening train. At this place, much of the bitter disunion spirit was constantly revealing itself; and here, in the *Courier*, originated the article which proved a leading instrumentality in bringing on the trouble in which I became involved in Montgomery. At Marietta, Griffin, West Point and La Grange, Ga., all on whom I called acted the part of gentlemen.

I arrived at Montgomery, Ala., on Friday noon, 26th ult., and put up at the Exchange Hotel, one of the largest and most deservedly popular houses in this country. At night, I

went to hear a speech from Senator Toombs, which was full of treason, and admirably calculated to arouse the most violent feelings of all who heard him towards the people of the free States, and prepare them for the part some of them acted during the afternoon of the following day. I can give the substance of this speech from my notes, if desired.

This Breckinridge rally called to Montgomery an unusual number of the followers of Messrs. Yancey, Toombs & Co., who had no better business on hand than retailing the senseless falsehoods in regard to Republican complicity in the destruction of life and property in Texas, (which Gen. Sam Houston says, in his Austin, Texas, speech, never occurred by *any* agency,) indulging freely in strong drinks, and working themselves up into an earnest desire to take the lives of some members of the party they believed about to wrest from them the power so long held and so basely abused. Under these peculiar circumstances, one of the leading merchants on whom I called very imprudently questioned me in regard to my political views, etc., not thinking that he was kindling an excitement among those who listened that it might soon be impossible to control or subdue. Passing over incidents which, though of much interest, as showing the progress of mobs, the management of Vigilance Committees, etc. etc., would occupy too much space, we arrive at the searching of my trunk by members of the Vigilance Committee, the declarations of outsiders, intermingled with the most horrid oaths, that they would gladly shoot me down on the street as though a mad dog, cut me up with knives, and amuse themselves in various ways at the expense of my life, and pass on to the time when the members of this Committee, numbering thirty-five, and including some of the wealthiest and most popular citizens, who had me in charge, and the proprietors of the Exchange Hotel, became seriously alarmed for my safety.

During all this time, the apparent danger which threatened my life seemed like a dream to me, though I saw evidence in the very looks and all the actions of those who sought to protect me, that it must be real to them. My extraordinary composure, even when threatened with being sent to a plantation a few miles out, ornamented with ball and chain, to work in place of a slave that had escaped to Ohio, till our people would return him, seemed to enrage my persecutors. The

scene of excitement my slavery would cause, which rose before my mental vision, was so ludicrous as to render it difficult to conceal my mirth. It was almost as amusing as the Montgomery *Advertiser's* description of my nose and whiskers.

But I must leave incidents, and hasten to a close. After hiding me away for some time, in an unfrequented part of the hotel, away from light, or any thing to reveal my locality, and assuring the crowd of my innocence of "incendiary documents," with promises that the Vigilance Committee would give me my deserts, the mob reluctantly and slowly dispersed.

Mr. Hargrove and others, who were most active in securing my protection, advised me by all means to leave on the night train for some other place, (allowing me to go where I pleased afterward,) assuring me my life would probably be the forfeiture if I had the imprudence to stay longer. To this I, of course, consented, and they took me from a private rear door into a carriage, proceeded by a circuitous route to the neighborhood of the depot; waited there more than an hour; left the carriage and walked (two by one route, and two by another, to avoid notice) to the depot; seated me where least likely to attract attention; one checked my trunk, and another purchased my ticket, which one of them brought to me; waited till the train was about to move, bade me good night, and departed.

Respectfully, &c., S. STRAIGHT.

An Abolitionist Hung in Alabama. The Montgomery (Ala.) *Mail* of Nov. 2d says:—

"A man by the name of Palmer, a daguerrean artist, has been detected at Opelika, Ala., tampering with the slaves of John Smith and others, between Opelika and Auburn. He gave several negroes bowie knives, and otherwise attempted to instil into their minds seditious acts. He was detected, pursued and apprehended, and the proof being positive, he is to be hung at Auburn to-day."

A PHILADELPHIAN THREATENED WITH TAR AND FEATHERS.

We yesterday had an interview with a gentleman returned on the same morning from Georgia. His adventures for the last few days have been rather exciting than pleasurable. For the sake of a handle, we call him Mr. G——. Mr. G. was engaged as a salesman by a business man in the interior of Georgia, and is well known in this city—his place of nativity—as a useful and conservative citizen. In Georgia, it appears, a different opinion was formed of him by some of the *canaille* of the town in which he resided.

Last week, a committee of five roughs called at the store in which he was engaged. Scowling upon him, they imparted the information that his presence in town could no longer be permitted, and that in the event of his remaining, they would not be responsible for his early decease.

Mr. G. was very much surprised. "Why," said he, "I am as much in favor of Southern rights as you are. I voted for Douglas, and exerted my personal influence to secure his election."

"That makes no difference," was the curt reply. "You are a Philadelphian, and you must leave. Forty-eight hours hence, if you are still here, you 'll receive a coat of tar and feathers."

"But," remonstrated Mr. G., "my principal is absent. I can't desert him in this way. I will not go till he returns, and the man who lays a finger on me shall rue it."

The committee took their departure, and Mr. G. armed himself. A friend aroused him during the night, and informed him that a crowd of ruffians were on their way to assault him. He immediately left, and made his way to Savannah. Will it be credited that the ruffians, angered at his escape, telegraphed to Savannah his description as an expelled Abolitionist? Such is the fact, and on his arrival at Savannah, it required all his ingenuity to make his way to the steamer without receiving violence.

Mr. G. arrived in the city yesterday morning, no longer a Douglas man, but a decided Lincoln man. But this isn't all the story. By the same steamer arrived a gentleman and

lady driven from Georgia by the same menaces. The gentleman had taken his wife there by the advice of medical men, that peculiar climate being considered of benefit to her. They were quietly sojourning at a hotel, minding their own business, when the same committee who had visited Mr. G. also gave them notice to quit.

The ruffians thus acting, we understand, are the *canaille* of the place, yet, just at present, their fiat seems to overawe the conservative portion of the people. In neither of these cases were the banished parties the adherents of the Republican party, though henceforth it will be hard to find them on any other side. — *Philadelphia North American, Nov.* 15.

REIGN OF TERROR IN GEORGIA.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune:

Sir, — In the Boston *Journal* of the 16th, I saw an article copied from the *Tribune* of the 15th, in regard to my late expulsion from the city of Augusta, where I have resided for some years. That justice may be done all parties, I deem it my duty to relate the facts in the case.

For five years, I have resided in Augusta, but, owing to the impaired state of my health, I left there one year ago and came North, where I remained until the 31st of October. I then sailed from Boston, per steamer South Carolina, and arrived in Augusta on Monday, the 5th inst. Every thing passed pleasantly until Friday morning, when I received a note, as follows: —

Dr. Thayer: You are hereby notified to leave the city at the earliest possible time, or abide the consequences.

—— PHILLIP.
I. M. HILL.

Being sick in bed, I sent for a friend, who came at once and took the note to the Mayor. He called at once, and said every effort should be made to stop the thing. Suffice it to say, the authorities did all in their power to suppress the excitement, but all to no effect. At 3½, P. M., I was attacked

by three ruffians in front of the Planters' Hotel, who used every exertion to put me into a carriage and take me to Hamburg, S. C., where my fate would have been sealed. They could not succeed, and began to drag me along the walk, when my wife and daughter heard the noise, and came to my rescue. They caught me one on either side, and begged them to release me, which, after using many oaths, they did, saying, "Madam, you being a woman, we will give up." She thanked them. We then returned to our room, where our friends came to our relief in great numbers. From this time, the excitement increased rapidly; a large crowd had gathered around the house; speeches were made by the most influential men of the city, and every effort used to disperse the mob; but all to no effect. They seemed like so many hungry wolves.

At 5½, P. M., my friends decided that my only safety was immediate flight, as it was impossible to control the mob, which then amounted to some 500 and more, and defend us. A carriage was brought to the rear of the house on the back street, to which we were conducted and driven rapidly away, leaving our baggage behind. We were accompanied by some of the most responsible men of the city, who took us ten miles on the Savannah road, where we arrived at 8, P. M. Here we waited till 1 o'clock, when we got on the cars for Savannah, where we arrived at 7½, A. M. We went directly to the steamer Alabama and took our room, and kept close till the sailing of the boat at 4, P. M.

In regard to the cause of my expulsion, I have no doubts that two Northern men, both from Massachusetts, were the instigators of the trouble. One of them took a solemn oath that if I made him pay his bill, he would ruin me, so that I could not live in Augusta. His bill was settled by a third party, who gave me $50 more than I had offered to take. The other was also incensed at a bill for medical attendance, though less than the law allowed me to charge, and has since done all in his power to injure me by circulating various reports without the least foundation. His name was given in court as an evidence to appear against me to prove my abolition sentiments. Such are the characters of many Northern men who go South, and the people of the North are judged by them.

Let me say here, that these Vigilance Committees and mobs are composed of the lowest, most drunken and irresponsible class of the community, and the instigators are often Northern men. That no blame may be attached to the respectable and responsible portion of the citizens, I will say that they extended the hand of sympathy and friendship, and volunteered their services and lives to defend me from an infuriated mob. They have my sympathies, and ever shall have. Nobler hearts never beat than those of the true whole-souled Southerner. Would to God there were more like them! I omit calling any names, for, by so doing, I might involve some of my friends in trouble.

Since my arrival North, I am informed that my baggage has been forwarded to me, by express, and will come safely to hand.

F. R. THAYER, M. D.

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 16, 1860.

NARROW ESCAPE OF AN EDITOR. The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* says that Mr. David Wentworth, formerly one of the editors of the Buffalo *Express*, recently started for California by the overland route. At Fayetteville, Arkansas, a few nights since, while the stage horses were being changed, the passengers commenced talking politics, and Wentworth participated. He said he regarded Lincoln as the best man in the field, and should support him. He followed this observation with several other remarks of a still more inflammable nature, when the landlord, who peregrinates on the half-horse, half-alligator principle, walked round David several times, and then said:

"Stranger, ar' you a Black Republican?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, just stand still till I look at you agin. I never saw one before. Eff the boys up stairs ain't too tired, I'll get 'em up, and we'll give you a coat of tar and feathers!"

Wentworth earnestly declined the generous offer, and as the passengers (who were mostly Southern men, by the way) interceded in his behalf, he was not troubled. Our informant is a gentleman directly from Arkansas, who was a passenger with Mr. Wentworth. Like Iago, Dave "spoke no more."

THE REIGN OF TERROR IN GEORGIA.

The steamer Alabama, which arrived here on Tuesday from Savannah, brought about twenty-four cabin passengers, one half of whom were banished from that city because of their Northern birth. One of these persons, John Devinney, has called upon us, and from him we gather some facts in relation to this new phase of the Reign of Terror. Mr. Devinney was in the employ of Harnden & Co., Expressmen, in Savannah, and received, on Saturday morning, a notice that he must leave the city immediately. A notice was served, at the same time, upon Mr. Coe, an employé in the same office, that he also must leave. Expostulations were useless; the assurances of both men that they had in no way interfered with Southern institutions, and had no intention of doing so, were not listened to for a moment, and they were threatened with immediate death unless they departed at once. As no alternative, therefore, was left them but either to face death or leave, they left on the afternoon of the same day. Their only fault was that they were Northern men, Devinney being a native of Philadelphia, and Coe of one of the Eastern States.

The man who was most instrumental in their banishment was one James White, master of transportation on the Georgia Central Railroad. This White is himself a Northern man, but having lived for some years in Georgia, and become a slaveholder, he is so far trusted as to be permitted to prove his faithfulness by such villanous services as these. Three of the passengers on board the Alabama were a gentleman, his wife and daughter, who have resided in Augusta several years. This gentleman is a physician, and the hue and cry was raised against him by one of whom he endeavored to collect a debt. This method of settling pecuniary claims is a favorite one in Augusta, as our readers will remember. This gentleman barely escaped with his life, and neither he nor his family were permitted to bring away any thing but the clothes on their backs. Another of the passengers was from Lexington, Georgia, but all except these four were from Savannah, and all were banished, without any other reason given than that of Northern birth.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A GEORGIAN BANISHED FROM HIS NATIVE STATE.

Hitherto, it has been a sufficient pretence at the South for almost any outrage, that its victim was a Northern man. The enormity of the thing in hand would be still more increased if he came from New England; while, if he hailed from Massachusetts, he was sure to be visited by a double quantity of the diabolical. But things have now changed a little. At least, there is an exception to the rule. The South, with an ingratitude as well as inhumanity that is almost without precedent, has now turned upon its own blood and bone, and perpetrated an outrage upon one of its own citizens. The particulars are as follows:—

The steamer Joseph Whitney, Capt. Loveland, which arrived at this port yesterday from Savannah, brought as passengers Joseph Wm. Ribero and family, consisting of himself, wife and two children. Ribero is a native of Savannah, but has forcibly been sent to Boston, and for no crime whatever—hardly a pretence of any. He is a carpenter, and so far as appears, or is known, is a worthy man. A few days since, he was at work repairing a bridge, ten miles from Savannah, over the Skiddaway river. He had eight negroes in his employ. On the 8th inst., a man named Simmons gave Ribero a newspaper, and he sat down on a log to read it, shortly after which, the following dialogue occurred between him and a slave:

"Massa Joe, what 's de news?" "Oh, nothing but politics," he replied. "What 's politics?" asked the negro. "Voting and so on," said Ribero; "the North is fighting for freedom, and the South for slavery." "Well, will the nigger be free if Lincoln is elected?" asked the negro. "I don't know; that is more than I am able to tell you," said Ribero. The negro returned to his work, and Ribero kept on reading.

As was subsequently ascertained, some of the negroes told their overseer that Ribero said the negroes would be free if Lincoln was elected. The overseer informed his employer, and the planter presented the case before the "Regulators" of Savannah. On the first of last week, the planters of the

vicinity, armed with revolvers and bowie knives, met to try Mr. Ribero for his offence. They empanelled a jury of thirteen men for the purpose, although some were for shooting him, and others for hanging him, without any preliminary ceremony whatever. The farcical sitting was held, but without giving Mr. Ribero any notice. In the course of an hour, the verdict of the jury was communicated to him, the decision being that he should receive thirty-nine lashes, have one side of his hair and whiskers cut close, and be sent to Boston. A man named Dr. Waring acted as barber, and cut off his hair and whiskers, which were very heavy, on the left side, leaving the other side. He was then tied to the top of a sapling bent over for the purpose, stretched up until his toes barely touched the ground, stripped to the skin, and whipped by two negroes. His wife says that his side is cut like meat scored for the oven. They then took him to the Isle of Hope, and kept him there until dusk. He was then placed in a carriage and carried to Savannah, and put immediately on board the steamer, without opportunity to communicate with any of his friends.

The captain of the steamer refused to take him under these circumstances, and when the Committee who had charge of him found that out, they told him, "All right;" he might go ashore if he wanted to. He did not dare to do this, he says, and he signed a paper which declared that he left the place of his own free will. On these representations, aided by the paper, the captain consented to take him. The next day, permission came for him to go on shore, but he declined to do so, as his life would have been in danger. He, however, in the meanwhile, was enabled to join company with his wife and two children, and they accompanied him to this city. The evening previous to the boat leaving, some men called on Mrs. Ribero, at her house in Savannah, and asked her if she was ready to go to Boston. "To Boston!" said she; "who with and what for?" "With your husband," said they; "he is going." "No, he is not," said she; "my husband is at work at Skiddaway." They told her that she did n't know half as much about her husband as she pretended to; that they knew all about him, and that he was already on board the Joseph Whitney. She packed up a few things, bid a hasty adieu to her friends, and joined her husband aboard the boat.

Mr. Ribero could not obtain his tools, and his family were obliged to leave Savannah with little preparation for abandoning their home. They are poor, and of course without means of a livelihood. He expresses a willingness to work, and, we doubt not, will procure it in our city. It becomes the charitably disposed, and all who abhor outrage and injustice, to aid this victim of Southern oppression.

Among the schemes suggested for punishing the prisoner, when he was seized, a few were in favor of giving him over to the city authorities. But this suggestion was voted down, and the "Regulators" seemed to think, after they had got Ribero aboard the steamer, that they had done a very bold act without authority. Some of them brandished their pistols and knives, and said they wished he had attempted to run away from them. The whole thing was the work of a lawless mob.

Ribero is thirty-two years old. His wife is about the same age. Her feelings, while upon the wharf yesterday, among perfect strangers, broke out in the most touching manner. The oldest boy is twelve, the youngest four. They are bright looking.

The audacity of this whole thing is only surpassed by its cold-blooded inhumanity.—*Boston Atlas, Nov.* 20.

SOUTHERN OUTRAGE ON A NORTHERN MAN.

Boston, Nov. 20, 1860.

To the Editor of the Boston Journal:

The following extract is taken from a letter received in this city this morning, dated Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 12:—

"I wrote you when at Augusta, and then intended to stay there through the winter, but the excitement grew so great, and so much indignation was felt against Northern men, that all were ordered to leave, and I knew that if I stayed there, although I had not lisped a word on political topics, I should be in danger of being strung up. I am at this hotel, and if I had signed my name as coming from the North, I should not have got off short of seventy-five lashes. Democratic

papers North talk that this lynching is all false, but it is not so. Men have been whipped and driven from the city of Atlanta — a place of 20,000 inhabitants. I saw a man who had been a practising physician for five years, against whom suspicions arose, and while on his way to the Court House to have the thing looked into — as they knew he was innocent, but wanted to have his blood — a mob of five hundred seized the horses, knocked off the driver, took the physician out, and started to drag him across the river into South Carolina, where they would have hung him in five minutes. They were prevented by the entreaties of the Mayor and other prominent citizens. There is no such thing as law here. It is the most desperate country I ever travelled in. Why, they would take the life of a Northerner as quick as that of a puppy. It would frighten you if you could hear the bar-room talk of the roughs. I shake in my boots for fear they will detect me. For God's sake, don't write me till I get settled."

In a postcript added, he says:

"I enclose ——— dollars, with which you will oblige me by settling my bill at the ——— House, which in my hurry I forgot to pay."

This letter was opened by some one at the hotel or post-office in Atlanta, the money taken from it, and the following written therein: —

"This man is a d——d rascal and traitor, denies his country. I have opened this letter and looked at the contents — suspecting the same from that section — and send you per his request. What a coward and traitor to principle is he!

[Signature] ROGERS."

Whether he has been arrested, or what has been done with him, it is impossible to tell now. However, comment on the above is unnecessary.

Being personally acquainted with the writer of the letter, I have no doubt of its correctness in every particular. He left this city two weeks ago to engage in business at Augusta, but was obliged to leave, for reasons already given in his letter. When it becomes common for letters to be broken open, then the sooner the mails are discontinued the better.

Yours, truly, ORONO.

THE WAY NORTHERN MEN ARE WELCOMED AT THE SOUTH. The Utica *Herald* of the 21st September has an account of the reception which Mr. John H. Keating, of that city, received recently at Savannah. Mr. Keating went to Georgia to canvass the State with a patent spring bed. He was a good Douglas Democrat, but he is now a Republican. The circumstances which caused him to change his politics are thus set forth in the *Herald*:—

"He sailed from New York on the 7th for Savannah, as has been stated. On the voyage, a canvass of the passengers was taken to learn their political predilections, as is common in these days. Mr. K. announced himself for Douglas; one of the passengers, a slaveholder, voted for Lincoln, and the rest were for Breckinridge and Bell. Arrived at Savannah, and having located himself at his hotel, Mr. Keating and several persons from New York were sent for by the authorities, and questioned as to their business, their residence and their destination. They were acquitted of any suspicion of being abolition emissaries or distributors of incendiary documents, but they were notified that they must leave by the return of the steamer which brought them thither. No pedlers or sellers of patent rights from the North would be permitted at present to go through the State in the pursuit of their calling. This despotic command was rendered the more rigorous by facts which came to the ears of Mr. Keating and his companions. A Northern man at Aiken had been caught reading the *New York Tribune*, and was tarred and feathered. An old resident of Savannah, who refused to join a club to supervise the opinions and conduct of citizens and strangers, and was therefore suspected of lacking zeal for the punishment of offenders against slavery, was compelled to abandon his business and migrate, to escape personal indignity and violence. So warned and commanded, Mr. Keating found it necessary to leave the State to which his business had called him. Rather than return home, he determined to go to Louisiana, and had taken passage for New Orleans, when the captain of the vessel on which he was to sail warned him that he would find no less obstacles there in his way. It only remained for him to return to a State where men may go where they list, and pursue an honest calling unshackled and free from such despotic surveillance."

MORE HANGING IN TEXAS. The reader will remember that a few weeks since we stated, on the authority of a letter received at Fairview, that Dr. Shreeves and Mr. Foster, with their families, had been warned by the ruffians who hold sway in Texas to leave that State, and were making preparations to return to Illinois. On Thursday last, Mr. William Bybee, a resident of Texas, well known to many of our citizens as a dealer in cattle and horses, arrived in that State, and brought to the friends of Fairview the melancholy intelligence that Dr. Shreeves and Mrs. Foster had fallen victims to the spirit of outrage which runs riot in Texas.

The two families, it seems, had complied with the ruthless command expelling them from their homes, and were on their way toward this State, when they were overtaken by their persecutors, and Dr. Shreeves and Mrs. Foster summarily secured and hung to a tree. Mr. Foster and the remainder of the two families escaped.

We get the news from Dr. Shreeves, of Fairview, a nephew of the Dr. Shreeves above referred to, and who has no doubt as to its authenticity. He says Mr. Bybee was a friend and neighbor of his uncle's, and an acquaintance of fifteen years' standing.

No letters have been received from Dr. Shreeves or Mr. Foster for eight weeks, by their friends at Fairview, a circumstance of fearful portent, as heretofore they have been prompt correspondents. At no previous time have they permitted letters to them to remain so long unanswered.

In our sympathy for the afflicted friends of these martyrs to the cause of free labor, we have no disposition to bestow upon the authors of this enormous crime those denunciations which their guilt deserves. "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord; and these ruffian murderers cannot escape the malediction which made Cain a wanderer and an outcast upon the earth.

We will remark, by way of explanation, that Dr. Shreeves was not only not an Abolitionist, but we are informed by his connections at Fairview, was in favor of slavery, and was preparing to make investments in negroes. When he left this State, he was a Douglas man. The only ground for disturbing him was his being a Northern man, and coming from a section where free white labor is respected.—*Canton (Ill.) Register, Oct. 23d.*

ANOTHER NORTHERN REFUGEE. Another instance of intolerance has been brought to our notice. A young man named George B. Eddy, a pianoforte tuner, was sent out to Augusta, Ga., by one of our largest houses in the trade, at the request of their agent in that city. Mr. Eddy reached Augusta on the 10th of October, and entered the employ of a good Southerner. At one of the houses which he visited, he entered into conversation with two ladies, who appeared to have been instigated by some one to draw the young man out. He expressed his preference for the Bell and Everett party, but said nothing to warrant the harsh usage which he subsequently received. His replies to interrogatories by the ladies were, however, either falsely reported to the editor of the *Independent South*, a fire-eating newspaper printed in Waynesboro', Ga., or were maliciously construed by him into a bold and defiant attack upon the South and her institutions. An article — being a tissue of falsehoods, with scarcely a statement of truth therein — appeared in the issue of that paper of Nov. 7, which excited the public against Mr. Eddy, who received the following abrupt and compulsory notice: —

AUGUSTA, Ga., Nov. 8, 1860.

MR. EDDY:

You are ordered to leave the city immediately for expressing abolition sentiments in Burke county notice the *Independent South* published in Waynesboro where you will see the charge brought against you.

(Signed) MANY CITIZENS.

Mr. Eddy left Augusta on the 8th inst., by a circuitous route, in order to avoid any attentions which might be paid to him, and arrived in this city on Tuesday morning, (Nov. 13th.) — *Boston Journal.*

SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY. The brother-in-law of Rev. C. M. Tyler, of this place, embarked for Georgia on the steamer from Philadelphia. Though very discreet in the expression of his opinion, he was not permitted to remain a day in the city of Savannah without imprisonment, being as terrible as an army with banners. He returned by the next steamer, much impressed by Southern liberality and political liberty.— *Natick (Mass.) Observer.*

THREE MAINE MECHANICS DRIVEN OUT OF TEXAS. If more evidence were wanted to prove the barbarism of slavery, three of our Belfast mechanics, who have just arrived at the North from Texas, having barely escaped with their lives, can give the testimony. One of them has just arrived here, and the others are on their way. They were at Chapel Hill, Texas, at house carpenter work, pursuing their business peaceably and quietly, avoiding all possible occasions of given offence either by word or deed to the slaveholders. While at work one day, a few weeks since, shingling a building, they were interrupted by several armed ruffians, who told them they were wanted up town. They dropped their tools and obeyed, and were taken to a grog shop, where a large number were assembled. Here they were kept from nine o'clock until four in the afternoon. A meeting had been held in the meantime, and a Committee chosen, who told them they must leave forthwith. They demanded to know the charges against them, protesting that they had never interfered with slavery or slaves. But they were told they were Northerners, and their presence would not be tolerated in the State. They then pleaded for time to settle up their business, alleging that one of their employers was absent, and no settlement could be had till his return. The Committee allowed them just four days to pack up and get off, notifying them that they would be mobbed if they were found in the State after that time had expired. They waited four days, and their employer did not return. He was in debt to them $800, and but one of them had a single dollar in the world to get home with. On the night of the fourth day, while they were in bed, a mob surrounded the house. They got up and went out, and were taken into custody, amid the threats and execrations of the mob. Fortunately, a gentleman living near, for whom they had previously done a small job of work, on hearing the tumult, came down, and after much persuasion, succeeded in procuring their release. He advised them to leave immediately that night, which they did, leaving their wages behind. One of them had a small sum of money, and with that they succeeded in getting out of the State.—*Belfast* (*Me.*) *Age.*

A Troy Journeyman Printer Driven out of South Carolina. A young man named Pasco, well known in Troy as a former employé in the office of the *Family Journal*, and a leading officer of the Printers' Association, a few days since left this city and went to South Carolina, where he had been offered a situation on the *Charleston Mercury*. When he reached there, he found it would be some days before the work promised him would be ready, and he was advised to go out to a neighboring village, where a printer was wanted, and where he could be employed meanwhile. This he started to do, on foot. On the way, he met two men in a buggy, and inquired of them the route. They asked him whether he was a stranger, where he came from, and what was his employment. He told them he was a printer from New York, and in the course of his remarks, happened to mention that he had once worked on the *Tribune*. The men asked him to get in and ride with them, and took him before a Justice near at hand, by whom he was ordered to be locked up in a filthy cell, as an "abolition emissary." After remaining in durance forty-eight hours, during which time he was subjected to the most cruel treatment, he was brought out for trial. His friends from the *Mercury* office, who were present, represented the fact that he was not an Abolitionist, and they would be responsible for his good behavior. They were allowed to take him, on condition that he should leave the State in twenty-four hours, otherwise he was to be publicly flogged, and locked up and fed on bread and water for thirty days. Pasco had not said one word on the subject of slavery, or on politics in any form. His only offence was that he had been a New York printer, and had worked on the *N. Y. Tribune.* — *Troy Times.*

Brutal Treatment of a Lincoln Voter. The Alexandria *Gazette* says that on the Wednesday after election, at Fairfax Court House, Va., a man named Gartrel, who had voted for Lincoln, was seized by a party while he was coming out of the court-house, and carried a short distance from the village, where he was blacked completely with printer's ink, mounted on his horse, and started for his house in as uncomfortable a situation as one would wish to be in.

PERSECUTION OF A NORTHERN BOOKSELLER IN ARKANSAS.—Henry A. Marsh, who lately escaped hanging by an Arkansas mob, has published an account of his adventures. He was located at Camden in that State as a dealer in books and periodicals. After the Texas excitement commenced in August, the authorities at Camden forbade his selling any Northern publications, except the New York *Herald* and *Day Book*. Finding himself an object of suspicion and his business ruined, he resolved to sell out his stock and remove; but the people saved him the trouble by burning the balance of his stock, school books and all, and advised him to leave at once. He went with his wife and children to Memphis, Tenn. He had been there about three weeks, when Dr. Hughey and two other men from Camden visited him, and on some false pretence got him on board a steamer, when they made him their prisoner, and took him back to Camden, where he was examined by a Vigilance Committee on a charge of being an Abolitionist from Texas, where he had formerly resided.

Finding no evidence against him, the committee put him in a canoe on the Wachita river at night, and told him to escape if he could. They refused to go before the people and declare that no evidence had been found against him. Mr. Marsh rowed across the river, and for the next twenty-eight hours travelled constantly, without rest, food or sleep, being pursued by men who were enraged at his unexplained escape. Four times he swam the Saline river to throw the men and dogs off his track, and three nights he slept without covering on the cold, wet ground. Finally, on the fourth day, with blistered feet, he reached a steamboat landing on the Arkansas river, and made the best of his way to a land of safety.

ARREST OF AN ABOLITIONIST. A man who gave his name as Daniel Donagan was arrested in this city yesterday for tampering with slaves. He was heard to say to a negro that to-day Lincoln would be elected, and the slaves of the South would be free. He was promptly arrested, and will be disposed of to-day in some way not agreeable, perhaps, to the Black Republican disciple. The community should be on its guard against the machinations of such wretches.—*Pensacola Daily Observer.*

MURDER OF A CLERGYMAN. Rev. H. W. South, a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, writes the Texas *Christian Advocate* as follows, fully confirming the report (heretofore denied) of the murder of the Rev. Anthony Bewley, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by a pro-slavery mob in Texas: —

EDITOR ADVOCATE,—I was in the vicinity of Fort Worth yesterday, and since my last trip up to this region of country, things have undergone a change which makes it strictly necessary for me to write you these hasty lines, that you may be fully set right in your information from this country. I see in your paper of Sept. 17, an extract from a letter from me in relation to Rev. Mr. Bewley, of Fort Worth notoriety. At the time I wrote, I gave you what were the facts at my late visit to Fort Worth vicinity. But I wrote after returning to Alta Spring, over one hundred miles from Fort Worth. I now find, on this visit to this country, that since I was here before, the said Mr. Bewley was followed to the vicinity of Springfield, Mo., taken and brought back to Fort Worth, and on the 13th of September, 1860, was hung on the same limb of the tree on which Mr. Crawford had been hung before. The letter found near Fort Worth, and published in your paper some time ago, was certainly addressed to Rev. Mr. Bewley. It is further said here, that the son-in-law of Mr. Bewley, Rev. Mr. Willette, has been taken in Missouri, and is now on his way back to Fort Worth, where he will hang on the same limb. This part of the information is by letter from the eastward to a gentleman in Fort Worth. The information in relation to Mr. Bewley is *true*. I regret that the thing has got into confusion. At the time I was here prior to this, I wrote the facts; but he has been brought back since, and was hung, I suppose, about the date of my letter to you, or perhaps a few days prior to that time.

Forty-seven returned steerage passengers arrived at New York in the steamer Nashville, from Charleston, Nov. 24. The Charleston and Savannah boats will not, until further notice, take steerage passengers.

MORE SOUTHERN PROSCRIPTION. The excitement in regard to Abolitionism continues at the South. There was a thorough alarm, a few weeks since, at Silver Hill, in the Beaufort District in South Carolina, from the startling intelligence that a large gang of free negroes were assembled on the plantation of a Mr. John N. Smith. A committee forthwith waited upon said Smith, with the request that the entire gang should be removed within forty-eight hours. Thinking—mistaken man!—that he was master of his own plantation, he declared that he would do no such thing. Gradually the report got in circulation, that he had declared himself opposed to slavery, and forthwith the Vigilance Society set themselves in earnest to look after him. A large company of armed men proceeded to Smith's plantation, and seized him and his sons. Having secured them, they summoned a general council of all the Vigilants in the district, which met September 25, and ordered that he should be taken out of the State in the shortest possible time, and be hung if he returned. The father and sons were accordingly escorted by twenty-five armed men to the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, carried thence to Savannah, and put on board a steamer, and the citizens manifested their joy by firing twenty-five guns at their departure.

Jesse Whelen was indicted a few days ago in the Superior Court of Guilford County, N. C., on the charge of circulating incendiary documents. The case, however, was compromised on the defendant's paying costs and promising to leave the State immediately. Mr. W. is a native of the county, and has held the office of county surveyor and magistrate, and yet is driven from the place of his nativity for no better reason, probably, than for subscribing to some Northern newspaper.

A Bell-Everett man, of Uniontown, Ala., was flogged for declaring that in case of disunion, he would shoulder his musket, go North, and fight against the South.

A NEW HAVEN LAWYER DRIVEN OUT OF NORTH CAROLINA.

One of those incidents which impress Northern people with the value of the Union, and lead them to respect their chivalric brethren at the other end of the Union, occurred last Friday, at a place in North Carolina, of some 800 inhabitants, called Wilson.

Joseph Sheldon, Esq., a gentleman educated at Yale College, and of respectable prominence at our bar, started on an extended collection tour through the Southern and Western States, as is the practice of his firm every year. He proceeded in safety (though not without being amused with the occasional exhibitions of the peculiarities of Southern character) until he arrived at this town of Wilson. At this place, he had for his business the adjustment of some financial transactions of the carriage-making firm of G. & D. Cook & Co., of this city, who had, in their confidence in Southern honor, trusted the denizens of the town with several carriages. His intercourse with the business men and reputable people of the place was satisfactory. He was offered in payment of a claim a note of one farmer, and requested to inquire as to his responsibility. He did so, and in the course of his investigations encountered the Clerk of the Court of that region, who was a chatty, clever sort of a man, with that inquisitiveness peculiar to North Carolina. As the two were of the same profession, the Free-Masonry of the craft was taken advantage of by the Wilsonian County Clerk, to question Mr. Sheldon about the effect of Lincoln's election. Mr. S. told him he did not come to talk politics, but Mr. Davis (that is the Wilsonian's name) pressed him for an impartial opinion. Mr. S. told him that he thought Lincoln would administer the Fugitive Slave Law thoroughly, and give the South better satisfaction than Mr. Buchanan, and in this vein the conversation continued. When Mr. S. had concluded his business, and was about to leave, he went to the Post-Office to mail a letter home. While writing a postcript there, he found the room rapidly filling up with a rough and uncouth set of mortals, one of whom suddenly broke in upon him with the remark that he was charged with being a Black Repub-

lican. Mr. S. asked who authorized that charge. The red-faced man who questioned him said Mr. Davis drew it out of him. After discussion, Mr. S. proposed to take the train to Wilmington, but was prevented by a mob which had then assembled. Returning to his hotel, under orders to go North, his room was burst open by a crowd of thirty or more rough looking fellows, apparently intent on personal violence, but who were kept in tolerable decency by Mr. Sheldon's imperturbable good humor, until a crowd which had collected outside demanded that he should be brought out, ridden on a rail, &c.

Two or three respectable people of the place now made their appearance, and offered their services to protect Mr. S. from bodily harm, professing at the same time their objection to the conduct of the "boys," who had been drinking. When the time came, Mr. S. took his carpet-bag, and was escorted between his two respectable friends to the cars, surrounded by about as peculiar a crowd as a white man ever saw, blowing tin horns, beating drums and tin pans, and shouting what it thought opprobrious epithets, the principal one of which was calling Mr. S. "Abe Lincoln." Somebody decorated him with a blue cockade, and when he got on the train, which was occupied by South Carolinians, the passengers gave three cheers for Wilson and the Wilsonians, and three cheers for South Carolina. A committee of two escorted him to the frontier of the turpentine State.—*New Haven Journal, Nov. 28th.*

A lady of this city, who recently visited Virginia, (in the slave section,) informs us that while there, not only was she not permitted to receive a Pittsburgh paper, but private letters were found to have been opened by the postmaster or his clerk, for fear that something "incendiary" might be going on. Is this freedom—such freedom as we would desire to extend into the Territories? The meanest tyranny of Europe is not worse than this—that even a woman cannot receive a paper, or be secure against the sneaking and prying into her private letters by "dirty-dogs" in the post-office.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

HELLISH SOUTHERN OUTRAGE.

Last evening's *Plaindealer* contains a letter from a correspondent in Memphis, Tenn., in which, in an unfeeling manner, he detailed the most savage act of cowardly brutality ever committed by any community on the face of the earth—the barrelling up of a citizen of Ohio, and rolling him into the Mississippi! Can it be possible that such heathenish—worse than heathenish—cruelty is being practised in this professedly Christian land?

But read the extracts which we publish below. It will be borne in mind that this account is written by a pro-slavery man to a pro-slavery paper, consequently it cannot be charged that the story is a Republican invention: —

MEMPHIS, Nov. 6, 1860.

DEAR GRAY, —I have been for a few days in this city, and am much pleased with the state of affairs. They have a Vigilance Committee as a consequence of the election of Lincoln, and this Committee are vigilant in making Northerners hie to their homes. As an instance of the intensity of feeling here against the Northern abolition emissaries, they took an Ohioan, a few days since, at the Point just below the city, and being satisfied that he was "one of 'em," after consultation, they put him in a barrel, headed him up, and rolled the barrel down the bluff into the Mississippi river, and that was the last of him. * * * The Arkansas people opposite here have fired into several of the Cincinnati steamers which have attempted to land, and will not allow Ohio boats to land at all.

Last week, a Cincinnati merchant took $15,000 and went to New Orleans to purchase sugar and molasses, but could not purchase a dollar's worth, and was ordered to leave the city in five hours. He secreted himself in the house of a friend, and got his friend guardedly to do the purchasing and shipping for him. He then left in the night by the express train for the North.

All along the river, strangers are asked where they are from, and if they say "North," they are ordered forthwith to leave.

If our people are being thus *tortured* and *murdered* by such a remorseless race of savages as now exist in some localities of the South, it is high time that steps be taken by the Governor and Legislature of Ohio to protect its citizens. The cruelties of the Southern mobs equal those of the Roman Catholic Inquisition. — *Cleveland Leader.*

RECENT LYNCHINGS OF NEW YORK MEN IN SAVANNAH.

Among the passengers by the steamer Alabama from Savannah was Mr. James Sinclair, a native and life-time resident of this city. The account which he gives of his reception and treatment by the hospitable citizens of Savannah is interesting, as showing the fraternal feeling evinced by them towards all people who have the misfortune of hailing from New York. The statement of Mr. Sinclair is as follows:—

"My name is James Sinclair, and I was born in this city. Having a brother in Augusta, Ga., and being out of employment, I went to Savannah about the 8th of November, intending to go on to Augusta, in the hope of obtaining work in my regular line of carpentry. I took up my temporary lodging at the City Hotel in Savannah. While there, numerous inquiries were made concerning me and my business, which not being satisfactorily answered, eventuated in an order from the Vigilance Committee commanding my immediate departure from the city. This order did not commend itself to my idea of propriety, and I declined obeying. A few hours subsequently, a man came into the hotel and desired a few moments private conversation with me. Confidingly I followed him, and upon my stepping upon the sidewalk, his treachery became apparent. About thirty men surrounded me—each man drew a revolver, and each man drew a bowie-knife—each man vehemently demanded my company, and each man made it his duty to see that I complied with the united demand. Powerless and indignant, I was dragged along the street. On the way to the place of torture, I was constantly assailed by the most blasphemous and obscene epithets, the mob dwelling particularly on the fact that I was a New York Yankee. Quids of tobacco were thrown into my eyes, blinding my sight and causing intense pain. My efforts to relieve my eyes brought blows from the butt of a pistol and threats of instant death.

"They took me through the streets, on and on, until we reached the City Park. There they ordered me to undress, and as I did not deem it desirable to obey their indelicate suggestion, they one and severally forcibly removed my coat,

my pants, and even my under clothing. In vain did I appeal to the police, both mounted and on foot; they dared not interfere; and, indeed, just prior to our arrival at the Park, one of them told me he would not do it for his right arm. I then appealed, again and again, to the leaders of the gang, who were, to all external appearance, gentlemen, to know why they were thus dealing with me; and the only and unvarying reply would be, that I had tampered with slaves—a charge utterly unfounded in truth, and incapable of proof. Having torn my clothes from my body, they compelled me first to kneel, and then forced me to lie upon the ground—my face being turned downwards—whereupon they lashed me with exceeding severity with a cat-o-nine tails, bruising the skin, lacerating the flesh, and causing sensations such as I never before experienced. This treatment was varied by an occasional kick in the face from a heavy boot, or a rap on the head with the butt end of a pistol. After they had finished the castigation, they permitted me to put on my torn and tattered garments, and then told me to run for my life; that they should give me ten yards start, after which they should fire upon me. I started—I ran—they pointed their revolvers and shouted—I jumped a fence, and they yelled with rage. Frantic with pain, with head half turned and body sore, I returned by side-paths to my hotel, the proprietor of which told me it would not be safe for me to remain, or well for him to retain me. I stayed all that night with him, and the next night (Friday) applied to Capt. Schenck, of the Alabama, which was to sail on Saturday, for permission to pay my passage and go on board. He declined to receive me, saying that if he did, the mob would tear his ship to pieces. I didn't know what to do. I was not safe at the hotel; I couldn't remain in the streets; I knew no friend, and had it not been for a Mr. Sherman, who took me to a sailor's boarding-house, I don't know what would have become of me. On Saturday, I went to the Alabama, and the purser told me Capt. Schenck had given orders to put me on shore if I went on board, as he was afraid people would do violence to the ship if I was allowed to remain. Notwithstanding that, I went below, and was hid until after the steamer had got far out to sea."

The foregoing statement, we have every reason to believe, is correct. Mr. Sinclair made it to us in our office, and having been requested to strip, did so, and showed us the yet unhealed sores made by the application of the cat-and-nine-tails, the boots and pistols of the members of the Vigilance Committee of the city of Savannah.

The other victim of these lawless outrages, who was arrested at the same time, and treated in the same inhuman manner, also escaped with his life, and reached the home of his widowed mother in this city on Tuesday. He is so badly injured, that he has been confined to his bed ever since. He was a weak and rather a delicate man. When he sufficiently recovers to do so, he will relate the particulars of the outrages he has suffered for having been a New York Yankee.

Still another case was personally related to us by Mr. Wm. T. Reynolds, the son of a respectable New York merchant. He states that on Sunday, Nov. 18, while boarding at the City Hotel, he received the following notice: —

"SAVANNAH, Nov. 18, 1860.

"SIR, — Understanding you to be an Abolitionist, and believing you to be such, you are requested to leave town on or before Tuesday next, or else to suffer the consequences.

"By favor of the Southern Rights Association."

Mr. Reynolds, with a Savannah gentleman (P. G. Thomas, Esq.,) called upon Charles C. Jones, Jr., Mayor of Savannah, who told him to pay no attention to the notice, and, if he was attacked, to protect himself. He was troubled no further until Thursday, Nov. 22, when a Committee, calling themselves the "Vigilance Committee of Savannah," waited upon him at the Scriven House, and told him unless he could give good references as to character, etc., they would give him a "tight jacket"; but he was to meet them at their rooms the next day at 12 o'clock, and convince them he was a good citizen.

He presented the following "Pass," which saved his life:

"This is to state that, so far as my knowledge of Mr. Reynolds is concerned (and probably I have seen as much of him as any man in the city of Savannah,) he has always conducted himself as becomes a gentleman, and a good and orderly citizen, and never in my hearing, or to my knowl-

edge, has he uttered one word derogatory to Southern institutions or Southern rights.

"Yours, respectfully, JAMES BILBO.

"Savannah, Nov. 23, 1860.

"To the extent of my knowledge, I endorse the above.

P. G. THOMAS.

"So far as my acquaintance with Mr. Reynolds has extended, I do freely, and with pleasure, endorse the within statements and facts.

G. W. LAWTON, Bluffton, S. C.

"Savannah, Nov. 23, 1860."

After being discharged from custody on the strength of the above "Pass," he was assured by the President and officers of this Vigilance Committee that hereafter he could consider himself "their brother." Two hours afterwards, he learned that they were in search for him, having determined to hang him.

A confirmation of these facts will be given shortly by our correspondent, "Grapeshot," who was cognizant of these and other atrocities.

Mr. R. T. Sherman, of this city, and recently Clerk at the Pulaski House, Savannah, and one of the Minute Men of that city, gives us the following account of the brutal treatment and subsequent death of a respectable grocer of Savannah, whose crime consisted in being a native of this State.

The Vigilance Committee, which is composed of wealthy and respectable members of society, having learned that Mr. John Byler, a grocer in West Broad street, was a native of New York, determined to get rid of him. An accusation of tampering with slaves, and of allowing them to sit at his table, was trumped up against him, and he was ordered to leave the city. He did not obey. Consequently, on Saturday, the 17th of November, the Committee called on him, took him to some little distance from the city, stripped him, and then applied a coating of hot tar and cold cotton. They then started him on a run, and he, fearing that his life depended upon his legs, ran to so good purpose that he had nearly reached, tired and exhausted, a place of safety, when a brutal policeman overhauled him, and struck him heavily upon the back of the head with his pistol, fracturing his skull, and forcing him upon the ground.

This was on the 17th November, and on Saturday, the 24th, he was buried.—*New York Times, Nov. 29th.*

VISITING ONE'S RELATIVES IN VIRGINIA.

A NEW YORKER THREATENED WITH LYNCHING BY HIS OLD SCHOOLMATE.

We have received a call from a builder, an old resident of this city, who has just returned from an exceedingly unpleasant visit to his birthplace in Virginia. A fortnight ago, he started from home to make a pilgrimage to Norfolk County, in Virginia, and on arriving there received a welcome from a bevy of uncles, aunts and cousins. His intention was to spend a few days in visits to his father's grave, to the places where he passed his early years, and to the haunts that had been familiar to him. All these little projects could have been fulfilled but for the interruption occasioned by the sudden appearance of one of his old schoolmates, mounted, and riding in hot haste.

Pulling up at the house in which the New Yorker had found lodging, and where he was surrounded by relatives, this emissary announced himself as the agent of a committee of citizens, commissioned to catechize the unhappy visitor. "We have reason to believe" — so the message ran — "that you are an Abolitionist emissary, and by —— we have made up our minds that no man can come here from the North unless he shows himself all right on our institutions." There was more talk to the same effect. Our informant, who is a consistent member of the Methodist Church, was moved with indignation at the profanity with which his fellow-professor and old schoolmate plentifully spiced his lively conversation, and proceeded to labor with him, as a friend labors with a friend. He obtained an admission that the hard swearing was perhaps unnecessary, but was unable so far to gain the confidence of his quondam associate as to get permission to stay. "He was an Abolitionist, he meant to make mischief, and he must leave or take the consequences." Visions of summary punishment flitted before the eye of the unhappy man, and as there was no help for it, he left that rural district before sundown, went to Norfolk, and came home last Thursday.

The name of this gentleman is in our possession. For ob-

vious reasons, we do not publish it. As soon as Lincoln is elected, he intends to go back to Virginia.

The indignation of our friend exceeded all bounds. "I am a Methodist," he said, "and I hope I am a Christian man; but I confess that I didn't like to feel that I had to endure all this. I didn't like to have all the manhood in me squelched. It was not pleasant to have one's old schoolfellows come around him, swearing at him and abusing him."

"Good gracious!" he continued, "has it come to that pass, that a man can't open his head South as he does North?"

"So they say," remarked some one.

"Well, then, all I have to say is, that it's a burning shame and an outrageous disgrace. Why, there I was, right among my old neighbors, not a gunshot away from my father's grave — all my aunts and cousins were around me — people I had known ever since I was a little boy, and who knew me. I told W——, when he said I was suspected of being an Abolitionist, that I wasn't; but he would not believe me. He said to me, 'How's politics at the North?' I told him I didn't know. 'Ah, pshaw! yes, you do, too.' Then I said, 'Parties are so mixed up that it's hard to tell what is what.' 'That won't do,' he said, 'you know you are going to vote for Lincoln, and you know you've come down here to corrupt our niggers.' I denied that I meant to do any harm to his niggers; but he gave me the lie, and then began to swear at me again. I didn't know what they *might* do, and so I concluded to leave. They were just as likely as not to catch me some dark night and stick a coat of tar and feathers on me. That wasn't pleasant to think of, and so I left."

"You are an old resident of New York, you say?"

"An old resident, sir! I should think I was. I'm well known all around here, and besides that, I have managed to make a little something. To be sure, I don't dress very well, [exhibiting the inside of a drab coat which had indubitably seen better days,] and I look poor, but I'm worth $70,000, and I live in as good style, in Twenty-sixth street, as most people."

Here the honest man's benevolent face was mantled by a comfortable expression. Then he continued: "I don't care to have my name published, because you see, I mean to go back there some day, and they might have a grudge against

me. But they will live to be wiser, and it won't always be the case that the stars and strips will fail to protect a peaceful man, at the South or any where else."

We parted from our excellent friend, the builder, with a profound impression of the justice of his conclusion. We give his conversation and the narrative of his experiences precisely as they fell from his lips. — *N. Y. Evening Post.*

OUTRAGEOUS TREATMENT OF A CITIZEN OF PITTSBURGH IN NEW ORLEANS.

We have been shown a letter from Mr. Harris, the agent of B. A. Fahnestock & Co., who was rudely expelled from New Orleans by a mob, for the sole offence of being a Northern man.

It is not true, as stated in the *Chronicle* yesterday, that Mr. Harris voted for Lincoln, nor did he boast that he had so voted and was glad of it. Mr. Harris did not vote at all, not being at home at the time of the election, but was a Bell man, with strong Breckinridge proclivities.

The expulsion took place on the 27th ult. He had been in the city a day or two, attending to the business of the firm, and was sitting in his room at the hotel, when he was waited on by a Committee, who compelled him to go down stairs, where he met an excited crowd, and was presented by the foreman of the Committee, who said: "Look at him, and see if he is the man you want." The mob shouted, "Yes, that's him, the d—d Abolitionist;" "out with him;" "we'll fix him;" "lynch him," etc.

But the speaker, or, as he proved to be, the Chairman of the Vigilance Committee, proceeded: "Mr. Harris is accused of being an Abolitionist — of being the agent of an Abolition house — of having said he was glad of Lincoln's election — that he voted for him, and was proud of it. He is represented as being an unfit person to remain in this community. We will examine him." [A voice — "Examine the devil — hang him!"]

A Mr. Nathans was then presented as witness, who stated that he met him in Morrison's store, that he did not deny being a Black Republican, and that he said: "Let the South secede, nobody cares; the North can get along very well without the South, and he for one wanted to show them who will suffer the most; and he wasn't afraid of the South — no indeed, not he."

Mr. Harris denied all these allegations, sent for Mr. Morrison to show that they were not true, and made a speech to the crowd, in which he admitted that he was in favor of secession, as the quickest way of settling the difficulty. When Mr. Morrison arrived, the crowd was so great that the proprietor of the hotel insisted that the Committee should go with Morrison and Harris to Harris's room, and report the result of their investigation to the crowd. This was done, and for the rest, we leave Mr. H. to tell his own story: —

"Here I threw open for their inspection some of my private correspondence, letters of introduction, &c., several of which letters being from men well known to the Committee, they expressed their entire satisfaction, and in fact, my position gained the full *approval of my accuser, Mr. Nathans.* All of Mr. Morrison's testimony was also in my favor. The report of the Committee was: 'Harris is all right.' But that wouldn't do. Harris must leave town, to say the least about it — and a majority were in favor of lynching him, under the circumstances. I was therefore told: 'The cars leave in 40 or 45 minutes; can you get ready?' I said 'Yes;' and at once packed my trunk. * * * A carriage was ordered at an alley, in the rear of the hotel, and I smuggled through the back way, unknown to the crowd. When once in the carriage, the horses galloped at top speed to the depot, arriving just in time to get aboard the cars. As the train moved off, I felt some relief, as may be supposed."

We learn that several other Pittsburghers have been expelled in like manner. In fact, New Orleans seems to be given up to the dominion of the mob, who hunt out every Northerner who arrives and compel him to leave. New Orleans ought to prosper under such dominion as this. We do not wonder to hear that there were ten commercial failures there in one day, and that the business of the city is dull. — *Pittsburgh Gazette, Dec. 11th.*

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

It is a fact (says the Boston *Journal*) which strikingly indicates the excitement of feeling at the South, that one of the most eminent scientific men now living at the North — a man who was born at the South, and is thoroughly conservative — recently had a narrow escape from being hung as an Abolitionist, while passing through Mississippi! His offence was the expression of a hope that the Union would be preserved! We presume that the following, from the Providence *Journal*, refers to the same gentleman, who made to a friend of ours similar statements with regard to society at the South: —

"An intelligent gentleman, whose name we are not at liberty to mention, but who is well known throughout the whole country, has recently returned from a tour through some of the Southern States. He is himself a native of a slave State, and so far as he has any prepossessions in favor of either section of the country, they are partial to the South rather than to the North. He has travelled extensively in Europe, and he says that he never saw, even in Austria, such a reign of terrorism, such a despotism, as he has just witnessed in his journey. Conservative, Union-loving men are awed into silence. A gloom hangs like a pall over society. Men who in their hearts dissent from the opinions of the secessionists are now ruled as with a rod of iron, and speak in whispers, and with the utmost caution.

"Our friend says that on reaching a certain place, he saw a number of men near the telegraph office talking earnestly about some item of news which had just been received, and he ventured to ask what it was. He was told that some of the federal office-holders at Charleston had resigned. He mildly expressed his regret that they had done so. What was his astonishment to see a gigantic fellow approach him, and with oaths threaten to hang him as an Abolitionist. He explained that he was no Abolitionist, and that he was a Southerner by birth, and was allowed to go on his way at last. But for a while, danger looked imminent, and not a man among all the company of bystanders uttered a word of remonstrance against the giant who threatened him.

"The testimony of our friend is only a confirmation of evidence which comes from many sources, that freedom of speech and of thought is now denied in many parts of the South, not only to Northern men, but also to Southern men who are in favor of the Union. This is the price that the South is paying for following the lead of its Yanceys and Toombses. How delightful must be a permanent residence in such a country! Does any one suppose that independent and high-minded men will consent to remain long under such a tyranny? And yet there are men at the South who are expecting a large emigration from the North in case of secession."

Expulsions from the South. The pilot of a Cincinnati steamer was fined $50 at Memphis, Tenn., December 13th, for being found in a kitchen in that city with the negroes, and ordered to leave the city immediately and never return.

On December 12th, a New Englander named Marvin, a singing master, was ridden on a rail through the streets of Jackson, Tenn., and required to leave the place. The excitement grew out of the fact that several negro daguerreotypes, as well as several suspicious letters, were found in Marvin's trunk.

Jeptha B. Dunn, a carpenter by trade, and a native of New Jersey, was sent away from Lake Village, Arkansas, on the 3d of December, for uttering abolition sentiments. Money was given him to defray his travelling expenses.

The Chicago *Tribune* states that on Friday evening last, a party of six men, who had just been driven out of the South, after being subjected to inconceivable indignities, passed through that city on their way to Rhode Island, where most of them reside. They report that in the cotton States, the mob, organized in vigilance committees or bands of minute men, are making a clean sweep of all who have the misfortune to have been born in the North. If a half of what they assert is true, hundreds of Northern men are reduced there to terrible extremities.

Henry Clarke, a compositor in a Charleston printing office, was shipped northward on the 15th of December for expressing abolition sentiments.

OUTRAGE IN THE SOUTH.

A respectable looking man, named William Smithyman, a native of England, and for several years a resident of Wisconsin, arrived in this city on Tuesday, from Memphis. Mr. Smithyman was driven from Mississippi last week, after suffering severe injuries for crimes alleged against him, but of which he declares his entire innocence. He was formerly employed in this city for a while as a miller, in the Planter's Mills, on Franklin avenue, and went to Mississippi for employment in June last. He obtained work in Panola and De Soto counties, near the Tennessee line. He worked for several parties, dressing millstones, and met with no opposition from any quarter whatever, till a week ago, when he started from Looxahomie, De Soto county, for Senatobia station, on the Tennessee and Mississippi railroad, seven miles distant, employing a negro to carry himself and trunk in a wagon to the railroad. Arriving at Senatobia after dark, he proceeded to look up some freight for the negro's owner, and in so doing, went into the freight depot. While there, three or four persons approached him, and asked him where he was going and what he was doing. He told them that he was looking for some freight for Looxahomie, but they charged him with being an Abolitionist and a suspicious person, and seized him and threw him into a freight car, which they locked, and then went into the village to tell the story. The negro was also arrested, and, as it afterwards appeared, was threatened with instant death if he did not confess that the man in the freight car had endeavored to persuade him to run off. The negro, thinking probably to save himself from torture, said that such was the case, but notwithstanding the confession, he was severely flogged.

About ten o'clock, a crowd of thirty or forty returned to the railroad station, and took him into the woods. There they stripped him naked, notwithstanding the weather was intensely cold, and gave him a large number of stripes, the victim thinks two hundred, with a thick leather belt, sometimes flat and sometimes with the edge. A man, who appeared to be a doctor, then advised them to desist, saying they would finish the job the next day. They then put him

back in the freight car, with nothing but his clothes and an old rug to protect him during the night. In the morning, he was released, and permitted to pay fifty cents for a cup of coffee.

An armed force, styling themselves "Minute Men," then took him into custody afresh, went into the woods again, made him strip, tied his hands around a tree, and then shaved his head as close as they could. The crowd urged him to tell all about his doings in the interior, said they knew he was guilty of exciting slaves to insurrection, had tampered with them, and all that. Three or four said that if he would confess, his life would be spared, but if he would not, he should be strung up. By this time, Smithyman was half dead from exhaustion and fright, and believing that it was his only chance for safety from hanging, he boldly avowed that he had tampered with slaves. With a shout, the eager listeners seized him, and some were for hanging him.

An attempt was made to get a rope around his neck, but others were so anxious for another operation, that the would-be executioners failed. Smithyman was stripped, and liquid tar, almost hot enough to scald, was poured over his head, and half blinded as he was, the victim was not allowed to put his hands to his eyes to keep the tar from blinding him altogether. They then stuck him all over with loose cotton. After this was through, they told him that he must start for Memphis immediately — forty miles off — and not stop till he reached that city. They gave him five minutes to put on his clothes, and while he was trying to pull off some of the cotton, several of the mob stood by kicking his limbs with their thick boots, the marks of which kicking he still bears. They then allowed him to start. Smithyman walked all the way to Memphis, and took the boat to this city. — *St. Louis Democrat.*

A New Orleans correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* states that not a boat lands from any port above that is not visited by a Vigilance Committee, and also that many merchants from northwestern cities, who came to buy groceries, had been obliged to go home without making purchases.

Intense Abolition Excitement at Friar's Point, Mississippi. The following letter (says the Memphis *Argus*) from Friar's Point, written by Mr. Samuel J. Halle, of the firm of Berlin & Halle, clothiers, on Front Row, in this city, fully explains itself: —

"Friar's Point, Miss., Dec. 11, 1860.

"To the Editor of the Daily Argus:

"There is great excitement in this community. The people are in arms against the Northern men who have been in the country but a few months. On yesterday evening, two gins and a negro quarter were fired simultaneously, doubtless by the procurement of these wretches. The night was lit up for miles around. The Vigilance Committee were soon under arms, and proceeded to the room of three carpenters, one by the name of Hamlin, the others unknown, and took them and hung them to the first tree, and afterward cut them down and burned them. The town is now under arms, the military are parading the streets, and all is excitement and alarm. This morning, the remainder of the Northern men were sent up the river in the steamer Peytona; some of them were branded with the letters G. B. (gin burner) before being shipped. Fourteen gins have been burned in this county during the last six weeks, and the people have determined to stop it.

"An Abolitionist was hanged, barreled up and rolled into the river at this Point last week, and it was probably to avenge his death that the last gins were fired. A negro implicated the men who were hung. He said that they had told him the negroes were to be free next March, when Lincoln becomes President, and that there would be a general rising of the negroes then.

"The Vigilance Committee have sworn to hang every Northern man who comes here from this time until the 4th of March, and all such had better be in h—l than Friar's Point.

"SAMUEL J. HALLE."

Several steamboat captains on the Mississippi river have been compelled to leave their commands or be hung, on the allegation of being Lincoln men.

Excitement in Americus. Our community have been under considerable excitement for the last four or five days, growing out of a public investigation (commencing on Monday last, and terminated yesterday) of several individuals charged with having been engaged in the promulgation of abolition sentiments. It seems that a man by the name of Wm. B. Hall, generally known as Batey Hall, has been busily engaged in getting up what he called a Poor Man's Society, under the guise of a Mechanics' Society, and having succeeded in seducing a number of the ignorant workmen to join him, he proceeded to develop more particularly his plans, which from the proof elicited upon the trial extended to the exclusion by force of our negroes from all employment except the cotton field, and the use of force to get work and bread. Some of our more intelligent mechanics, having obtained a sufficient knowledge of his intent, disclosed his object and course to the community. Whereupon the mechanics held a public meeting on Monday last, and invited all our citizens to attend. This meeting, after hearing the report of their committee, turned the whole matter over to the citizens, who investigated the matter in hand, appointed a committee of ten, and instructed them to investigate the case in full. A great mass of testimony was, we understand, elicited by the committee, and the result was, that upon the report of the committee, the said Batey Hall and two of his confederates, Thomas Faircloth and William Griffin were ordered to leave the city immediately. It was in proof that they had used very intemperate language, utterly inconsistent with the safety of the institution of slavery and the peace of the South. — *Sumpter (Ga.) Republican.*

Another Instance of Persecution. The North Bridgwater *Gazette* reports that Mr. Charles E. Faxon, of that town, who has been teaching music in Brandon, Miss., for the past few months, has arrived home, having been crowded out of the South by the intense hatred of Northern men and institutions. He received no violence, but was warned that if his stay should be prolonged, the consequences might be dangerous.

Attempt to Hang a Man. The Milledgeville correspondent of the Savannah *Republican* writes thus, under date of the 22d inst.: —

"Last night, a mob collected in the streets of this city, on receipt of the news that a man was talking in favor of Lincoln's election. The mob got hold of a Northern man, who, it seems, had been travelling on foot through this and the adjoining counties, who had for his baggage a portmanteau with one shirt in it, and could give no satisfactory account of himself. He was without money, and could not satisfy any one as to his occupation. Reports were current of his having announced himself a 'Lincoln man.' The crowd attempted to get a rope to hang him, but could not find one; they then took a handkerchief and tied it around his neck, and proceeded to take him to a stove pipe near at hand to swing him up. The Marshal of this city, in company with a *posse comitatus*, made a rush upon the crowd, and took the man out of the hands of the mob, and put him in the jail for safety. This is the statement I received from an eye-witness. The man is now in jail."

Two Hundred and Eighteen Exiles in Eight Days.— The steamship Alabama arrived at New York from Savannah Tuesday. She brought thirty-four steerage passengers, who were not permitted to land. No steerage passengers are permitted to land in Savannah. The same course is pursued there as in Charleston; all steerage passengers are sent back by the authorities. The steamship Columbia arrived at New York Monday. She brought forty-seven steerage passengers, who were sent back by the Mayor of Charleston.

It will be remembered that the Nashville brought forty-seven and the Adger thirty-two, and the forty-seven of the Columbia made one hundred and twenty-six that have been sent from the port of Charleston alone, and have arrived within eight days. Add to these the thirty brought by the Augusta, the twenty-eight by the Florida, and the thirty-four brought by the Alabama from Savannah, (ninety-two,) and we have a total of two hundred and eighteen exiles from the two ports, who have arrived at New York within the eight days specified.

The Columbia is commanded by Captain Berry; and Captain Berry is the gentleman who was honored by the citizens of Charleston for raising the Palmetto flag on leaving New York for Charleston. It seems, however, that notwithstanding the gallant captain sailed under the secession colors, and notwithstanding he was presented with a gold-headed cane in consequence, the authorities of Charleston had not faith enough in the captain's zeal, nor respect enough for their own flag, to allow the captain's passengers to set foot on the soil of the new Republic; and the pleasure the captain derives from looking at his testimonial must be slightly embittered by the reflection that his avowed devotion to South Carolina, and his expressed hope "that it would not be long before he could enroll himself in some capacity that would sustain that flag," were not sufficient to ensure decent treatment to the forty-seven men under his charge.

The refusal of the Southern cities to permit Northern passengers to land is exciting much comment and indignation among all classes.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The following extract of a private letter from a lady in Mississippi (says the New York *Tribune*) comes to us from a source which renders its authenticity certain. Under existing circumstances, it will be read with interest: —

"We have had a great excitement about an insurrection that has been in contemplation among the negroes in our State. Last night was a dreadful night with some people here. They couldn't sleep, sat up all night watching, expecting every minute the negroes would come in and kill them all. We have a lady staying here (a Miss B., late of Kentucky) who was badly frightened. I couldn't prevail on her to undress.

"I would hate awfully to be on a big plantation with two or three hundred negroes on it.

"In W—— County, about twenty miles from us, the excitement was greater than here. There were several white men implicated, and a good many negroes. They hung some, and whipped others nearly to death."

Outrage in New Orleans. A correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, writing from New Orleans, under date of 16th Nov., says:—"The mere rumor of a man's having views favorable to the Lincoln administration is enough to stamp him as an Abolitionist. A man by the name of Wm. Strought was arrested yesterday, and arraigned before Recorder Long. The accused was a stevedore, and had been residing in this city for several years past. He got talking politics in a public place to a crowd of listeners, and gave his opinion with considerable bravado, 'that even here in Louisiana, a negro had as good a right to vote as a white man.' This impudent assertion threw the crowd into a violent state of excitement. He was knocked down and trampled upon, amid cries of 'Hang him!' 'Hang him!' Somebody procured a rope, which was thrown over a lamp-post, and Mr. Strought would have finished his earthly career in a rather ignominious manner, if several policemen had not appeared and rescued him from the crowd. Upon hearing of his arrest, several of his friends came to give bail for him, but declined doing so when they heard what sentiments he had expressed. The case was postponed, and it is said that the more serious charge of tampering with slaves will be brought against him."

Got Shaved. Two young men, hailing from New York, were arrested in Columbia, about ten days ago, on suspicion of being pickpockets. They were held by the authorities for a week, and while the people were morally certain of their guilt, there was no proof to convict them. On being released by the chief of police, the Vigilance Committee took them in hand, and administered to each a good whipping, shaved their heads, and placed them in the cars for Charleston, where they arrived on the one o'clock train on Monday. A dispatch from Columbia, advising Capt. Bass of their shipment, reached Charleston after the cars had arrived; so the worthy pair were at large until last evening, when officer Schouboe arrested them and took them to the guard-house. They will appear before the Mayor this morning, and will probably be shipped to the North in the first steamer.—*Charleston Mercury.*

Old Abe's Likeness in a Shop Window at New Orleans. Mr. Ryback, an Austrian importer of neck-ties, kid gloves, &c., who has been an occasional resident of New Orleans, La., for the past three years, has had a show case in front of the bookstore of W. F. Goldthwaite, in that city, which show case was partly occupied by John Staub, a lad of seventeen, for the sale of daguerreotype medals of the Presidential candidates. On the 9th inst., some customer found a likeness of Mr. Lincoln, which young Staub had not noticed, and instantly a crowd began to assemble. The lad Staub tried to explain the matter, but he was attacked and badly beaten, and only saved his life by a timely flight. Mr. Ryback, who had been temporarily absent, was then assailed, his show case smashed, and, through the interference of a police officer and a few friends, he was safely taken to a police station house, where the whole matter was satisfactorily explained to the lieutenant of police, and the crowd dispersed.

Two Hundred and Fifty Persons Hanged in Texas.—The Mobile *Mercury* of Thursday says:—"We saw a gentleman yesterday direct from Texas. He came from the region of country where the hanging process was rife some while back. He says the distant public is not informed of the extent of the hanging. He is a member of a Vigilance Committee, which has been in correspondence with the Committees of other counties, and estimates that no less than two hundred and fifty persons have suffered death at a rope's end."

The Charleston *Courier* says:—"On Saturday evening, a party of lads, or young men, assisted by a negro boy of Mr. T. Hamlin, were engaged in burning effigies of Lincoln and Hamlin at Mount Pleasant. They were assaulted by John M. Barre, who fired on them a double-barreled gun, wounding all of them more or less, and it is supposed destroying the eyes of one of the lads. According to our information, these lads were not trespassing. The Vigilance Committee of Mount Pleasant arrested Barre, and have him now in confinement, after applying forty lashes."

More Lynchings. A party of men just driven out of Louisiana, after having been subjected to atrocities that wild Indians would be ashamed to perpetrate, passed through this city Saturday, on their way home to Fond du Lac, Wis. We did not see the persons to whom we refer, but are told that their story will, when related to the public, make every American blush. A Douglas Democrat who saw their scars, and also heard their relation of the way in which their wounds were received, advised them to present themselves at the office of the Chicago *Times*, as a commentary on the denial in that paper that Northern men are driven away from the South. Their crime was their residence in the North—in Wisconsin, where a Personal Liberty Law is on the statute-book, unrepealed.—*Chicago Journal.*

Another Northerner Sent Home. Mr. P. S. Chase, of Haverhill, who, with a party of other mechanics, went to Charleston on the last trip of the Massachusetts, came back in the same steamer, which arrived at this port from Charleston early yesterday morning. The officers of the steamer say that nothing but secession will satisfy the South Carolinians, and that in Charleston, in particular, old and staid citizens have become wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement against the North. Many of them show their contempt for the Union by trampling under foot the American ensign. They keep close watch on all Northern steamers, and suspected passengers are thoroughly catechised. Mr. Chase was closely watched, and hints were dropped that the North was much safer than the South.—*Boston Atlas.*

Expelled from New Orleans. The Pittsburgh *Gazette* says that J. W. Kountz, a citizen of that place, and commander of the steamer Memphis, was recently ordered to leave New Orleans within six hours. The Captain is a Republican, and his endorsement of the views of that party being brought to the attention of a Vigilance Committee, led to his expulsion.

WARNED OFF. The Northampton *Free Press* states that a lady from New Orleans, in which city she has resided during the last forty years, who has been stopping in Northampton during the summer, left town a short time since for the purpose of returning home in a few weeks, but while in Newark, N. J., she was informed by her friends that it would be unsafe for her to do so, as the Vigilance Committee had classed her among a list of persons who entertained anti-slavery opinions, and she would be warned to leave as soon as she returned from the North. She has returned to Northampton.

The Milledgeville correspondent of the *Southern Guardian* says:—"We had a little excitement here last night, owing to a New Jersey gentleman having expressed his opinions rather too freely in relation to the Legislature, the 'institution,' and the South generally. He was allowed to progress until 'forbearance ceased to be a virtue,' when a rope was procured and fastened about his neck, and, but for the interference of some of the older citizens, would have undoubtedly been hung. His plea was that he was drunk. He was confined in the calaboose, and it is thought he may thank his stars if he gets off with as mild a reproof as a coat of tar and feathers, and a good flogging."

SOUTHERN OUTRAGES. L. D. Rockwell, of Danbury, Connecticut, has been driven out of Kingston, North Carolina, because, as the vigilants charged, he was suspected of saying something detrimental to the "institution." He claims to have been, while in Connecticut, an American and Democrat.

Two men named Waters, and a mulatto, have been whipped and had their heads shaved by the good people of Mosely Hall, a village in North Carolina.

A New Englander passed through Alexandria, Va., a few days since, in charge of a committee of two. The offender, charged with being an Abolitionist, had his head shaved and his face blacked.

Freedom of Speech South. A straggling fellow, passing himself off as a white man, but believed to be a free negro, was soundly whipped at Kingsville, yesterday, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, by Mr. B. Franklin Cole, of the firm of Strous, Hartman, Hoffin & Co., of Baltimore. Mr. Cole overheard Hare say that Maryland was an abolition State, in a boastful way. He immediately gave it the lie, and made toward him. Some words ensued, during which the true-hearted Baltimorean manfully stood his ground, and the straggler gave abundant evidence of his being an Abolitionist of the most low and dirty character. Soon it was suspicioned that he was but an impudent free negro, from some Northern locality. This he acknowledged, upon being pushed up a little. Mr. Cole then took him aside, into an apartment of the Kingsville Hotel, made him peel off, and gave him the limit of the law, well-filled, pressed down and shaken together, upon his bare back. — *Sumter (S. C.) Watchman, May 7th.*

Proscription in New Orleans. Mr. George Foester, editor of the New Orleans *German Gazette*, recently received the following anonymous note, while in the discharge of his duties: —

New Orleans, November 13.

Sir, — Your anti-Southern feelings and principles being well known, and as persons of your character are becoming obnoxious to our population, we would advise you to leave the city within one week from date. If you have any regard for your corporeal welfare, it would be proper for you to comply promptly with our request.

(Signed,) Southerners of the Blue Cockade.

Mr. Geo. Foester, Editor of the *German Gazette*, New Orleans.

Mr. F. paid no attention to the warning, until his friends urged him to leave, as his remaining would endanger his life, when he left, and went to St. Louis. He was denounced by a rival editor, named Sebastian Seiler.

A Methodist preacher was hung near Osceola, Arkansas, a few days since, on the ground that he was a dangerous man, having been employed in preaching to negroes.